

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 31, 1975

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THE LIP AND THE GANG ride again in Leo Durocher's spirited remembrance of the Gas House days in St. Louis—the era of the Deans Frisch, Medwick, Martin. First of a series drawn from Durocher's forthcoming memoirs.

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by J. D. REED

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PACK SAUSAGE CHIPS, SPINACH DUST, PANCAKE FLAKES—AND FARE THEE WELL

In the horsehide-and-carbine past, one knew what to expect of camp and trail food—cold, burnt trout, raw-fried potatoes and the everyday ecstasy of beans. This oldtimers' fare continues to be lauded by outdoor writers, though one wonders why.

The alternative is freeze-dried food, which is not all rumor suggests or memory expects. The banal and bitter powdered eggs of WW II fame have moved into the Space Age. One is now tempted by glittering packets of shrimp creole, lasagna, raspberry-apple crunch, tuna salad and cottage cheese.

The process is relatively simple. Prepared food is flash-frozen, as if for the supermarket, then placed in vacuum chambers, and through the magic of technology the ice in the food is converted into a gas, which is pumped from the chamber. The food retains most of its flavor, but only 10% of its weight in water.

"When freeze-dried products first came on the market, even my dog wouldn't touch them," says a saleswoman at Eastern Mountain Sports in Boston. "Now our staff munches shrimp and banana chips all day long."

The advantages of freeze-dried foods are obvious. In terms of weight, four medium-sized cooked pork chops can be reduced to two ounces, so you can hang by ropes from the north face of the Elger and enjoy a Mom's dinner, having expended only two ounces of agony getting it to 13,000 feet. Ease in preparation is another factor. Adding water to most foods and letting them stand is all that is necessary. Also the mixes seemingly have a life as long as plutonium. "We've been making freeze-dried foods for only 12 years," says Mickey Lancer of Oregon Freeze Dry Foods Inc. (in Albany), the world's largest producer, "so we still don't have data on deterioration. It's safe to say, though, that most freeze-dried foods can be left in a summer camp or a survival pack for four or five years."

But does it really taste like food? Can man live by freeze-dried stuff alone? It is not that these preparations taste bad or not at all. They are, in fact, better than the dreary frozen dinners in supermarket cases, and put to shame the fast-food palates that line the approaches to most American towns.

The problem is texture. Since most freeze-dried main courses are mixtures of meat and vegetables—stews, in essence—a constant diet of them leaves you feeling as though you

were on some impossibly elegant Skid Row where you staggered from one lavish mission to the next complaining of too much tarragon in St. Luke's chicken amandine.

The visual aspect of freeze-dried food is also unfortunate. The mixtures look like the glorified dry soup sold in markets. The vegetables, meat combinations and noodles are miniaturized, as if they were a scale-model kit at F.A.O. Schwarz. "Build your own dinner" 280 easy-to-assemble pieces! Of course, they become life-size when rehydrated. The meat products take some getting used to. Wilson's freeze-dried pork chops, for instance, come packed in a two-ounce can and resemble huge tablets of anemic peat moss. When water is added and they swell and are browned in a frying pan, the tablets become perfect circles of meat, boneless, fatless and characterless.

But you can live on these foods forever, since most contain up to 50% protein. If you use freeze-dried foods on camping trips and backpacking expeditions or at a summer cottage, here are some tips you should follow. Always let the product rehydrate several minutes longer than the directions sug-

gest. Chewing on half-hydrated cubes of turkey is gruesome. If space and weight aren't critical on your expedition, take along a pot. Most manufacturers construct their foil pouches in such a way that the water and food may be mixed in them, but these almost always burn your fingers, and eating from aluminum foil makes your fillings ache in anticipation.

The main drawback to freeze-dried foods is cost. "Most of us can't afford to eat them three meals a day," says the Eastern Mountain Sports saleswoman, "or even once a day. My family takes along two or three dinners for a seven-day trip to brighten up the usual canned spaghetti and beans."

The following tasty menu for two will cost you \$14.99. Breakfast: Mountain House Sausage Patties (\$2.55) and Rich-Moor Blueberry Pancakes (80¢). Lunch: EMS brand Beef Stew (\$2.35) and Mountain House Cocoa (30¢). Snacks: Rich-Moor Banana Chips (89¢) and Mountain House Plums (\$1.25). Dinner: Rich-Moor Beef Stroganoff (\$3.75), EMS Spinach Savory (\$1.70) and Mountain House Ice Cream (\$1.40).

If you feel that freeze-dried foods are a mad fancy of science, you may be disappointed. Underdeveloped countries can be supplied in part with freeze-dried food, with its marvelous storage capabilities, rather than depending on the annual vagaries of harvests and prices. As women ignore their apron strings in more affluent parts of the world, the freeze-dried dinner will replace the frozen glop now eaten by lonely husbands. And as we move out to the stars, freeze-dried peas will be taken on the long run to Pluto. Oregon Freeze Dry Foods even now sells survival units to the military, as well as catering to the needs of NASA. The company's freeze-dried Stroganoff will be a nice bit of culinary detente in the upcoming U.S.-Russian Skylab mission.

The only way to retaliate against hordes of the post-hippie generation swarming through the suburbs, gnawing space food sticks and swilling Tang, will be to sit down to an elegant freeze-dried Beef Wellington. Let us hope that somewhere in France a madman is developing a dozen powdered '57 Lafite-Rothschild for those lazy summer evenings or our V-8 campers. **END**

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MOVIE TALK

by SARAH FEEGGI

SASKATCHEWAN SLUSH: A HOMETOWN HERO MELTS HEARTS BUT CUTS NO ICE

One reviewer wrote that *Paperback Hero* was "boring garbage." It is not boring. It has vaguely to do with small-town semipro hockey in western Canada and, specifically, with the decline and fall of Rick Dillon (Keanu Reeves), star of the Delisle, Sask. team. Dillon and his sidekick Puv are good enough, according to Puv, to "be playing pro in the expansions if it was 10 years ago." But it is not, and they are not, and one is inclined to reject Puv's evaluation on the grounds of lack of evidence.

For the sake of the story, though, we go along. Because he is the star of the team, Dillon has the run of Delisle, a one-tavern hamlet in at least three blocks square. In fact, he is called "the Marshal," and he is not above taking the law in his hands. It appears he has carte blanche with the locals to indulge his antisocial predilections, which are 1) fantasizing with a loaded handgun for a prop and 2) beating up on his girl friends. Taking her lumps along with the rest is Loretta, a loyal and always-loving barmaid, played by Elisabeth Ashley. The trouble with the part is that Rick Dillon is the sort only a mother could love and, in this case, even his mother seems to have better sense.

Dillon's privileged existence begins to fall apart when Big Ed, the richest man in town and owner of the team, decides he cannot afford to replace his broken-down ice-making equipment and therefore must disband the Delisles.

The approaching dissolution of the team forces an overdue identity crisis on both Dillon and the movie. Dillon deals with this characteristically—boozing, brawling, driving his convertible erratically and shooting everything that moves—but the movie remains blocked. Everything still now has pointed toward a climactic hockey game in which the filmgoer will at last be able to determine whether or not Keanu Reeves, or anyone else in Delisle, can really play hockey. But it never happens. On the day that the final game is scheduled, the ice turns to slush and the referee declares a default. The team, led by the now berserk Dillon, erupts into some poorly choreographed violence and the film meanders to an absurd and pretentious resolution.

The story of a small-town athletic hero whose time of glory is passing is an enduring theme and could have been touching. The demise of a two-bit sadist who is also a stupid lout is not.

END

M1

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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

THE GAMES PEOPLE DON'T PLAY

There has been no official announcement, but when the chairman of the Davis Cup Committee of Management says such things as, "We can't allow the competition to be disrupted" and "The Committee . . . has to take some action," one hardly need glance at the fluttering national flags to know which way the wind blows. Mexico has defaulted its scheduled match with South Africa, the current Davis Cup champion, Colombia has announced its intention of defaulting and Chile could follow suit. Four years ago, when a number of other nations threatened to withdraw from competition rather than compete against South Africa, South Africa was barred. It makes sense. Consider, for instance, the advantages of not playing the Oakland A's. Out they would go, and at long last baseball would have a new world champion.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE NINE

The rambling wreckers from Georgia Tech have been at it again. It was just 59 years ago this fall that they thumped Cumberland 222-0 in college football's most lopsided game. Last week, after softening up little Earlham College of Richmond, Ind. 22-7 in a Thursday baseball game, the next day they dropped the nutcracker on the Hustlin' Quakers 41-0.

Oddly, the score was respectable through the first three innings. Although Teeh's Jerry Bass was pitching a no-batter—he finished it, striking out 19—and Earlham was booting the ball around as though the game were soccer, the score was only 5-0. Then the roof fell in. Teeh scored three runs in the fourth, eight in the fifth, 11 in the sixth, four in the seventh and 10 in the eighth. Mercifully, the host Yellow Jackets did not have to bat in the ninth.

The Hustlin' Quakers contributed to their dismemberment with 13 errors, 15 bases on balls, and one wild pitch. Teeh had only 28 hits (including seven doubles and three home runs), which was

just fine by Coach Jim Luck, who spent most of the game trying to figure a way to keep down the score. A football assistant in the fall, he knows what you do in that game—punt on first down. Never did find the baseball equivalent, though.

THE HOUSE THAT TRUTH BUILT

Close observers of stadium construction will be shocked by what is happening outside of Detroit. Pontiac Metropolitan Stadium, roof and all, is being brought in on time and almost exactly on cost.

Contracts were signed two years ago and work began in October 1973. The architects and builders, local people who never tried a stadium before but who studied plenty of them before undertaking this project, are guaranteeing they will be ready for the opening event, an exhibition football game between the Kansas City Chiefs and the Detroit Lions on Aug. 23.

The stadium has the usual accoutrements of modern arenas—electronic scoreboard, contour seats, private suites, dining club, massive parking lots fed and emptied by superhighways—but, in several instances, with a difference. The suites are on the middle deck and are closer to the field than in most other stadiums. So is the dining room, which affords customers a broad view of the field through a 250-foot-long, two-story-high glass wall. A railroad line passes next to the stadium and could, if necessary, become the main transportation to and from the park.

Pontiac will hold 80,400 and, with a majority of its seats along the sidelines in three tiers (no columns), is ideal for football though hopeless for baseball. The sidelines and end lines are only 40 feet from the nearest seats, which are raised seven feet above the field. The roof, if it holds up, is something every future arena builder should look into. It is made of woven fiber-glass fabric coated with Teflon and is supported by a latticework of steel cables and a system

of blowers, up to 29 working during games and, say, rock concerts—many of which have been scheduled. Two blowers operate when the facility is idle. The design was used first for the American pavilion at Expo '70 in Osaka and more recently for a smaller stadium in Santa Clara, Calif. The roof is comparatively cheap to install.

Claims by Pontiac boosters that "computer-calculated" sight lines assure unobstructed views for everyone and that a lightning-fast food service will feed 5,000 people a minute we will believe after we have sat behind an Afro or bouffant and downed one of those instant hot dogs.

But the cost is believable and beautiful. \$55.7 million, a mere pittance by New Orleans standards. It is being paid by bond issues of two years ago, the interest from which has helped to offset inflation—that and some judicious paring of luxuries. It will be no Superdome but, come to think of it, so far neither is the Superdome.

NO IFS, ANDS OR BUTTS

Joe Stanton, administrator of Maryland's Port Authority, has returned from

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DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH



his vacation in Naples, Fla. with an arm in a sling, and we might as well get to the seat of his problems right away.

They started on the Gieves golf course when Stanton stepped from his cart to play a shot. He took a drag from his cigarette and placed it in an ashtray in the cart. As he addressed the ball a gust of wind blew the cigarette onto the cart's

continued

Put some People in your life.

It's the lively new picture-packed magazine from Time Incorporated. And it's all about winners, losers, lovers, dreamers... the rich, the famous, the wise, the foolish... people who make the news or get unmade by it. You never know who you'll meet on the next page. Robert Redford... Diane Von Furstenberg... O.J. Simpson... Barbara Walters... George Plimpton... Faye Dunaway... Prince Juan Carlos... Angela Davis... Eric Clapton... Helen MacInnes... Larry Csonka.

New. Pick up a copy today.

SCORECARD *continued*

unoccupied driver's seat. Joe's wife Vicki meanwhile had played her shot. She returned to the cart and sat down—on the lighted cigarette.

Somewhat startled, to say the least, she put on about five quick moves, one of which started the cart. It surged forward over Joe, breaking his arm. That hurt, but the real pain came when his brother John, who was playing in the same threesome, bent over him. "Joe," he said, "that will be a two-stroke penalty for delaying play."

TOP HAT

The seven-foot high jump is now so old hat that when Alphonso Irving of William and Mary cleared 7' 1" in the NCAA indoor championships, he didn't take his off.

STEADY AS SHE GOES

During the Great Depression sport suffered less, financially, than most businesses. Except for college basketball, which was off 5%—possibly because games were televised regularly on weekends for the first time—sport was not doing badly in 1974, either.

Horse racing, aided by 400 additional racing days, drew 1.5 million more fans and continued to lead all sports in attendance with 48,823,814 spectators. Directly behind and 1.5 million healthier, too, was auto racing, followed by college football and major league baseball, both off by a few thousands. The only real casualties were pro football which, beset by strikes, extensive televising and no-shows, was down by half a million, and baseball's 18 minor leagues, down 216,000. These were more than offset by the steady increase in the number of pro and college hockey fans, quantum leaps for boxing, wrestling, soccer and tennis and ("Here Comes Rusty!") greyhound racing, which attracted 16.3 million. That meant 1.2 million more people went to the dogs last year than in '73, 6.2 million more than a decade ago. Rusty, the mechanical rabbit, has developed quite a following.

YER OUT!

After several questionable calls in the second game of a doubleheader last week, Pan American baseball Coach Al Ogletree could stand the embarrassment no longer. The visiting University of Nebraska at Omaha team clearly had been victimized. Ogletree called time, walked

onto the field and fired one of two infield umpires on the spot. All right, let's hear it for Al Ogletree!

EXOTIC SETTERS

In the two decades she has served as the Florence Nightingale of the railroads at Pimlico, Nurse Imogene Hicks has seen a little of everything. There was, for example, the patron with a heart condition who used to take up his station outside the first-aid room and down liberal doses of medicine between races. "I'd rather die here than at home," he told Miss Hicks, "because I'd die happy."

But her all-time favorite is a horseplayer who arrived on a stretcher showing no signs of life—no blood pressure, no pulse. The staff was about to pull a cover over his head when the results of the latest race began to come over the PA system. The cadaver sat bolt upright on the stretcher and asked, "Who won?" "We told him," says Nurse Hicks, "and he got up and walked straight out." They never knew where he went but they were fairly sure it wasn't to the Great Casher's Window in the sky.

SURVIVAL COURSE

Jack Christiansen, the old pro who now coaches football at Stanford University and considers himself a harsh realist, had bad news last week for the minor college sports and even major ones like swimming, track and baseball. "Don't get me wrong," he said. "I'm not advocating the dropping of the minor sports. But when the time comes to start checking the spiraling costs of college athletics—and that time is really now—then you can look for the nonrevenue-producing sports to suffer most. . . . Those who can pay their way will survive. That's the way it has always been, hasn't it?"

Well, no. There are still a lot of schools in the country that consider athletics an integral part of the college experience and accept it as a fact of academic life that they will lose money. MIT, for one, fields, boats and courts 32 different teams—not including football—with no hope of realizing a profit from any of them.

But this is a vast subject that the NCAA will come to grips with in a special meeting set for April 24-25. And the American Council on Education, which represents 1,365 colleges and universities, is trying to put together a blue-ribbon commission to investigate "the whole series of questions relating to intercolle-

continued



Only one can be Number One.

Cadillac is first in U.S. luxury car popularity.

In the model year just past, purchases of Cadillacs were more than double those of the nearest luxury car competitor. And, preliminary figures for 1975 indicate that Cadillac's lead over other luxury cars is widening.

Cadillac is first in U.S. luxury car resale value.

Cadillac traditionally leads all U.S. luxury car makes in resale value. Therefore, it comes as no surprise that according to the most recent Automotive Marketing Report, the 1974 Cadillac has retained a higher percentage of its original value (Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price) than any other U.S. luxury car make. Models compared were priced to include those popular options that were installed on 50% or more of a particular body style.

Cadillac is first in U.S. luxury car share of market.

As long as most people can remember, Cadillac has been the leader in the luxury car field. And

now figures show that, for the last two years, Cadillac has been actually increasing its share of luxury car sales. So much so that Cadillac sells an average of nearly 400 more cars a day than the closest competitor.

Cadillac is first in U.S. luxury car model choice.

The first luxury of Cadillac is the luxury of choice. There are nine basic Cadillac models—including the only luxury convertible built in America and the only American-built production car designed and built as a limousine.

Cadillac is first in U.S. luxury car repeat ownership.

In the most meaningful test of all—the test that takes place every day in the marketplace—there is only one leader Cadillac. In fact, the percentage of repeat new car buyers for Cadillac is historically the highest of any U.S. luxury car make. There is no more convincing demonstration of Total Cadillac Value—the value inherent in every Cadillac—when you buy it... when you drive it... and when you trade it. There is no better reason to talk to your Cadillac dealer.



Total Cadillac Value. It explains a lot of things.



Latest
U.S. Gov't report shows:

Iceberg 100's lowest in tar of all menthol 100's.



**Iceberg
100's**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

SCORECARD *continued*

giate athletic programs," says Dr. John W. Oswald, president of Penn State and until recently president of ACE.

Christiansen says that Stanford last year had 120 football players on scholarship, each at \$5,500 a year. He will be interested in some figures developed by the Oakland Financial Group, Inc. of Charlottesville, Va. Four years at a public college, the fund predicts, will cost \$56,160 in 1993. The cost at a private college will be \$98,280. At prices like that big-time football might be the first sport not to survive. The NCAA and ACE are acting just in time.

TARPSSLCPOOASSE

Sure enough, what Ohio broadcasters were dreading most finally happened. Mississinewa Valley met Gradenhutte Indian Valley South in the semifinals of the state's Class A high school basketball tournament.

WEARIN' THEM OF THE GREEN

Since it was St. Patrick's day, the theme at the Tony Lema Memorial Pro Am at Marco Island, Fla. was Irish. There was green beer, Gene Sarazen in green knickers, foursomes singing Irish ditties, Ara Parseghian, shillelaghs, thick brogues, Jackie Gleason and a sentimental favorite, Buddy Allin. The thin, freckle-faced pro with a shock of red hair not only looks like a leprechaun, his clubs are manufactured by Shamrock. Alas, a great day for the Irish it was not to be. First, an Irish setter interrupted play. A covey of winded marshals finally nailed him and roped him to a tree. Then, Allin failed to turn in a score. Said he had no luck.

THEY SAID IT

- Ron Dose, Sioux City, Iowa policeman, after separating Sioux City and Waterloo brewers in a United States Hockey League game: "It hurts when they step on your feet with those skates."
- Paul Cameron, Little Falls, Minn. high school star, asked what he was doing on a team that included Frank Wachlarowicz, Steve Bodok, Jerry Janosehka and Bruce Posch: "Oh, coach calls me Cameronski."
- Al Braverman, fight manager, reacting to a suggestion that Muhammad Ali might complain about his using a "foreign substance" on Chuck Wepner's face: "It's not a foreign substance. It comes from the United States." **END**

Smasher.

Control comes to metal.



Let's face it, control is something metal rackets have not been famous for.

That's because most metal rackets are very flexible. And the more flexible the racket, the less control you have as you swing it.

A very firm racket, however, is a true extension of your arm throughout your swing. The head stays more in line with the shaft to give you more predictable, more consistent shot placement.

The simple truth is: the firmer the racket, the more likely you are to put the ball where you want it.

Smasher is the firmest racket made.

Smasher's frame is three-channel, extruded aluminum. The aluminum makes it lightweight. The three-channel construction keeps it firm. A steel

riveted S-Bar steadies Smasher at the throat, the place where any racket is most prone to flex and torque. And Smasher's rugged urethane grip foundation is literally fused with the shaft to smother vibration before it gets to your arm.

Test Smasher's firmness.

You can check Smasher's firmness yourself. Place the throat at the edge of a table, hold the bow down and try to bend the shaft. You won't be able to flex Smasher nearly as much as you will any other metal racket.

The feel of control.

Sometimes, even before you make a shot, you can tell exactly where it's going. You're confident. You just know. You can feel it all the way out to the last string on your racket. Most tennis players call that control. Spalding calls it Smasher.

**Finally,
somebody's making
tennis sense.**

SPALDING

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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 31, 1979

IT WILL BE A HORSE RACE

Now that unbeaten Indiana has been nosed out by Kentucky, the NCAA finals are odds-on to be a battle to the wire among Louisville, UCLA, surprising Syracuse and the Wildcats

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**



The NCAA is throwing a California Easter party this weekend and there is no guest of honor. For the first time since Helen Gurley Brown was a cheerleader, the final round of the national championship shapes up as a basketball tournament instead of a UCLA prom. Any one of the four finalists—Kentucky, Louisville, Syracuse or UCLA—could end up as King of the Hoop.

So, even if you are positive you know how the festivities in San Diego will wind up, don't bet the unemployment check on it. These finals are not only the most evenly matched since John Wooden invented the dry clean and zone press, they are spiced with the ingredients of which melodrama is made. We are assured of two semi-final subplots: an upstart in blue against another in orange, and the old master matched with his prize student. The finals could be even more gripping, particularly if Kentucky and Louisville face off in a vengeful, all-hillbilly feud.

Though the Wildcats and the Orangemen hardly figured to be in San Diego when the season began, there are no cardboard entries in the finals. UCLA has long experience in epic games; Louisville is as deep as Atlantis; Kentucky has more quick shooters than a Western; and gutsy Syracuse has fate—not to mention a hawking defense—going for it.

One thread ran throughout last week's regional playoffs. Each of the winning teams had a communal style. There were no Bill Waltons or David Thompsons to dominate the scene in Providence, Dayton, Las Cruces, N. Mex. and Portland, Ore. One day the heroes were named Trgovich, Bridgeman, Lee and Phillips. The next they were Johanson, Bond, Hackett and Flynn.

Once-timid Kentucky became the

continued

Tired Marques Johnson woke UCLA with 35 points while Louisville surrounded the Tarps with Wesley Cox, Allen Murphy and depth.



tournament Cinderella and proved it no longer plays in glass slippers by going muscle to muscle with No. 1 Indiana in the Midwest and coming away bruised, battered and beautiful. The Wildcats ended the Hoosiers' 34-game win streak 92-90 and ruined Indiana's championship dreams. The Cats now face Eastern winner Syracuse, which played Bent The Clock against both heavily favored North Carolina and surprising Kansas State and won 78-76 and 95-87.

In the other semifinal, UCLA's Wooden will match blackboards with his former assistant, Louisville's Denny Crum. The Cardinals had wandered aimlessly most of the year, but they found a home in the Midwest Regional, decimating Cincinnati 78-63 and Maryland 96-82. And UCLA played perhaps its finest game of the season against Arizona State to win the West tournament 89-75, after playing one of its worst in defeating Montana 67-64.

In some ways the coastal regionals were mere bookends for the tournaments in the Midwest and Midwest. There the teams were both highly rated and evenly matched, especially in Dayton, where emotion throbbed like a cheerleader's pulse. Indiana and Kentucky may be neighbors but they definitely are not neighbors. Earlier in the year Indiana bombed the Wildcats by 24 points in a game replete with controversy. Kentucky Coach Joe Hall was embarrassed, especially by the well-publicized rap on the head given him by Indiana Coach Bobby Knight. "All I want is another chance to play them," Hall said. "Knight personally humiliated me, and I'll never forget it."

Kentucky also never forgot the lesson it learned from the Hoosiers. After that loss the Wildcats became a pugnacious team. The turnaround was most obvious at center, where Indiana's Kent Benson had intimidated UK freshman Rick Robey. "I found out a lot from Benson," said Robey in Dayton. "I learned not to give a lot of little cheap shots but to save up for one big one."

Hall poured more gasoline on the Indiana-Kentucky fire by predicting Oregon State would beat Indiana in the Midwest's first round, but it was Kentucky that almost was burned. The Wildcats finally solved Central Michigan's pressing defense, hit 14 of their last 16 shots and ran away to a 90-73 victory as their other freshman center, Mike Phillips,

came off the bench to amass 15 points and seven rebounds.

Then the Kentucky coaches retired to the press table where they scouted Indiana against Oregon State. By halftime Indiana had a 21-point lead and Hall ordered his impressionable team back to the motel. "Maybe we think down deep that we can't beat them," said Kentucky's aggressive Mike Flynn (see cover) contemplating Indiana's eventual 81-71 victory. "I don't think we do. We've improved a lot since that first game."

Kentucky's strategy against the Hoosiers was the antithesis of Indiana's measured game plan. Hall told his players to run and shoot. "If you miss the first five, take five more," he said. Flynn, who scored 22 points to go along with an excellent floor game, Jimmy Dan Conner (17 points) and Kevin Grevey (17 points) used ammunition as if the game were being played at the O.K. Corral. Robey, Phillips, Bob Guyette and Darnay Hall played bump and grunt with Benson, who was magnificent—33 points and 23 rebounds—but no longer intimidating. And freshman Jack Givens led a wave of reserves that came off the bench to wear down Indiana.

Even the refs played a part in the Wildcat game plan. During a critical late stretch, they called several fouls on Indiana for setting illegal picks that helped propel Kentucky into a 10-point lead with 4:02 remaining. But the game and emotions were far from played out. The Hoosiers struggled to within two points before Kentucky finally managed to run out the final seconds.

Afterward the tone was conciliatory. Knight congratulated Hall and praised the Kentucky effort. The winners followed his lead. "Benson came up to me, crying and everything, and said he hoped we went all the way," said Robey. "It takes a man to do that. He gave his blows and I gave mine, but we're not enemies."

Louisville's fans have maintained all season that the Cardinals needed some strong enemies to snap them out of their lethargy. Since the NBA already was booked, the Cards had to wait until last week to show what they could do.

Louisville blasted through the strongest and best-balanced regional, using the methodical attack of a woman knitting socks. Knit one, purl two, then hit the open jump shot.

Earlier in the season, Cincinnati's young team had lost to the Cardinals by

only eight points, and the Bearcats had matured to win 16 straight games thereafter. But Louisville's patience took them right out of the game. The Cards, led by Junior Bridgeman on his way to a 20-point game, coolly built a 17-point lead in the first half and refused to rattle when Cincinnati closed to within nine in the second period. As usual, everybody on the bench played except the trainer.

Meanwhile, Maryland was manhandling Notre Dame. Terp freshman Brad Davis' hurry-up offense wrecked the Irish. When Davis was not scoring, he was drawing the defense to him and passing off for easy baskets. "We can't let Davis get that penetration," said Louisville Guard Phillip Bond. "If I can guard him without anybody helping me out, we should be able to control them."

Bond came through, scoring a career-high 23 points, holding Davis to eight and keeping Louisville together in the early going when Bridgeman and Allen Murphy were playing like Frick and Frack.

Everybody was ready to take UCLA's temperature after the Bruins' performance against Montana in the opening round in the West. UCLA survived by only three points to prove conclusively that it can win even when it does not play well. Not surprisingly, Wooden decided it was time for a talk. "I told them we were in sudden death now and that we had to show some real intensity," he said. "The only fierce competitor on the team is David Meyers. The rest of them are all kind persons."

More important than the lecture was Wooden's decision to excuse sophomore Forward Marques Johnson from running in practice. Johnson suffered a hepatitis attack last fall and has been slow to regain his strength. He showed up in fine fettle indeed for the Western title game against Arizona State.

The Sun Devils had made the finals by defeating Nevada-Las Vegas 84-81. Against UCLA, Arizona State planned to put pressure on the ball. The strategy went awry when the Sun Devils slipped into early foul trouble and were forced to play three guards against the Bruins' inside game. ASU's lack of height became doubly critical because Johnson was playing so well. The soph scored 20 points as the Bruins plowed to a 46-36 first-half lead. "We were ready to play," said Johnson, who finished with 35 points and 12 rebounds as UCLA won the way

it used to—laughing. Asked to explain the team's uneven performances, Guard Pete Trgovich, who scored nine of UCLA's last 12 points to save the Montana game, responded, "We don't respect some teams enough."

Respect has no place in Syracuse's game plan. The Orangemen came to the East Regional with a 21-7 record, but they beat North Carolina and Kansas State in the final seconds, which suggests that they might be more than lucky.

Guard Jim Lee hit a jump shot with five seconds left that sent North Carolina home, despite the Tar Heels' 65% field-goal shooting. Then Forward Rudy Hackett scored at the buzzer to force the final game against Kansas State into overtime. Given a reprieve, Syracuse got off death row with some solid shooting in the extra period.

But against Kentucky, Syracuse might be out of its league as well as out of rabbits and top hats. The Wildcats have jelled. They start four seniors and freshman Robey, and backup centers Phillips and Hall and Forward Jack Givens, all freshmen, have been quick to jump off the bench and play older.

The Syracuse center is Earnie Seibert, a 6'9", 230-pound sophomore. "I'm not in favor of the 30-second clock," cracks Coach Roy Danforth. "I don't know if Earnie can get from one end of the floor to the other in that time. But you know, somebody up there likes us." Nonetheless, Kentucky should defeat Syracuse and march into the finals for the first time since 1966.

Despite its shallow bench, UCLA has a fearsome nucleus, headed by Meyers, Johnson and Richard Washington. Wooden has taken to referring to Trgovich and Andre McCarter as "my much maligned guards," but in recent weeks they have not deserved the description. UCLA's most serious problem is Meyers' physical condition. He has 31 different flavors of leg injuries, and if he is sidelined the Bruins will be in trouble. "I've been taking a beating this year," the Spider Man says. "The referees don't like me. Guys hit me and nothing gets called."

Louisville's sweep through the Midwest was even more remarkable since its best athlete, Wesley Cox, was hobbled with a hamstring pull. He made a couple of cameo appearances against Cincinnati, but then, with a little help from the team doctor, he scored 15 points and

had nine rebounds in the final against Maryland. "He played with a lot of pain and a lot of pain-killer," said Crum.

The Cardinals attack in the same way the Marines used to take beaches. Crum sends in waves of reserves and they are good ones. His most experienced guard is senior Terry Howard, a two-year starter who now is a second- or third-stringer. But Howard picked up the slack when Cincinnati made a slight run at the Cards and he has not missed a free throw all season.

Louisville has similar strength at the other positions: Ricky Gallon supports Bill Buntin in the middle, Danny Brown fills out the backcourt and like Whitfield supplies help at forward. The starting five should be listed with the Missing Persons Bureau. Allen Murphy, Bridgeman, Buntin, Cox and Bond are the best unpublished players in the country.

Crum played at UCLA and was

Wooden's assistant for three years. In one celebrated incident during the NCAA finals in Houston in 1971, they squabbled on the bench, ostensibly over strategy. But the real reason for the argument was that Wooden was miffed because Crum had failed to give him a ride to the arena. The Wizard had had to walk.

The rivalry between Crum and Wooden will seem tame should Louisville and Kentucky meet in the finals. Four years ago when the current Wildcat seniors were billed as top bananas, Crum claimed his freshmen were better. Now the teams may get a chance to prove who was right. "It would shut up a lot of mouths," is the way Murphy put it. Bond says the game would rank in importance with the Kentucky Derby.

At any rate, the tournament will be a horse race. And not one of the entrants is a long shot.

END

Jim Williams led Syracuse's break in defeating K-State and masked marvel Mike Evans.



THE MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

It has been said a thousand times of a thousand different rookies: of Clint Hartung and Johnny Bench, of Dave Nicholson and Tom Seaver. Last week St. Louis Manager Red Schoendienst said it of Keith Hernandez. "We have to give him his chance," quoth Red. "He's proved he deserves it. You can't keep a kid with his ability on the bench or in the minors."

They blossom every year, these boys of spring, sweating skill and promise under the hot sun at the major league training camps. This season's crop of those most likely to

succeed is presented here—with a word of caution from Gene Mauch, manager of the Montreal Expos. "No one," he warns, "is going to just drive up and say, 'Here I am, world, move over.'"

But if a rookie says it loud enough with his bat, his glove or his arm, something has to give, and the kid is in. Mauch himself is assembling an Expo youth corps, and Oakland Second Baseman Phil Garner says, "I've got the opportunity now, and, by God, I can't blow it." With that kind of spirit, none of them can miss.

—LARRY KEITH



The American Association's leading hitter (.317), First Baseman Keith Hernandez, 21, moved up when St. Louis sent Joe Torre to the Mets.



Rookie of the Year as Hernandez? Tule Isomniels, Marc Nili, 23, was traded to the Giants. He has the bat and arm to bench Dave Reiter.



Shortstop Tom Vercos, 22, had such a fine glove and willing bat at Evansville that Detroit traded Eddie Brinkman.



The International League's top catcher, Gary Carter, 25, must move to right field to make the youthful Montreal Expos.

A fireballer with a 17-7 record and 3.59 ERA at Oshkosh City, 6' 5" Jim Kern, 26, is contending to crack the Cleveland starting rotation.



A Pacific Coast All-Star at third, hard-hitting Phil Garner, 25, goes to second at Oakland, replacing the retired Series standout Dick Green.





All in red, Jipcho blasted to a 3:58.2 mile

JIPCHO WAS SOCKO

Pro track's big TV meet was a bust until tireless Ben Jipcho came to the rescue with two stirring wins

by RON REID

With one headliner a no-show and two others leaving teeth marks on the hands that feed them, it was anxiety time for the International Track Association last Saturday in the Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena. Staging its fourth meet of the indoor season in the afternoon instead of at night didn't help the attendance, particularly since the pros were bucking TV coverage of UCLA's basketball Bruins in the NCAA regionals. That didn't matter too much because the meet was being taped for presentation that night in a trimmed, edited version on NBC-TV in the Johnny Carson time slot. What mattered more was that the ITA was laying an egg much too soon for Easter. Midway through its long afternoon, sedulously running behind schedule, the meet looked less like an Emmy candidate than a rerun of *Gilligan's Island*, and the meager crowd—reported to be 6,568, many of whom had paid their way in—was sitting on its hands. And the production might be bombing yet but for Ben Jipcho, a man of many talents who is most of all a trouper.

Jipcho, 32, the superlative runner from Kenya who is ITA's brightest star, not only stole the show but saved it by running the finest indoor distance double ever. He won the two mile in 8:27, pro-indoor-record time, and came back 55 minutes later to turn the third-fastest mile in indoor history, a 3:56.2 that broke his own pro mark. For his remarkable efforts, he was rewarded with \$3,000 and a trophy put up by Vitalis. More important, he saved ITA's future with the folks who fret over Nielsen. Until Jipcho's performance, bad reviews were oozing out of critical typewriters, and off camera the athletes were griping at ITA the way they used to mutter at the AAU in their amateur days.

Harmonious cooperation, however, got Jipcho his double and improved his won-lost record against professional rivals to 26-2. Aided by Tracy Smith, who shared the pace in the two mile, Jipcho's 8:27 broke his ITA record by seven full seconds. In the mile he was pushed to victory by Keith Munson, one of two pros ever to beat Jipcho. Munson dipped under four minutes for the first time at 3:58.5 while third place went to Jim Ryan, whose 4:00.3 was his fastest mile in two years.

His warm smile glowing at 10,000 watts after the race, Jipcho said, "I feel good, ready now for an 800, if I had to.

I want to show that pro milers are good, like the amateurs. We are very great."

Jipcho's old pro record of 3:56.6 was set in Madison Square Garden last year, and his new one has been bettered only by Tony Waldrop's 3:55 and Mary Li-quori's 3:55.8. Asked what times he might have achieved if he had concentrated on a single race, he said, "It would have been the same. It is always the same with Jipcho. The two mile didn't take anything out of me. I'm not a very good front-runner, but if I got people chasing me, I can run a very good race. If another push had come at the end of the mile, I might have run 3:53."

One of the people who was supposed to chase, and maybe beat, Jipcho was Kipchoge Keino, a fellow Kenyan who has yet to make his 1975 pro debut. Scheduled to run in Los Angeles, Keino withdrew two days before the meet because of his father's recent death. Yet it is doubtful that Jipcho could have gotten more help from Keino than he got from Munson in the mile and from Smith in the two mile. Smith and Jipcho traded the lead back and forth as the two moved far ahead in their race for the special \$2,000 first prize. Smith led at the mile in 4:12.8 but Jipcho took over with nine laps left. With 4½ to go, Jipcho waved Tracy ahead of him for three more laps. Tracy valiantly tried to move away from Jipcho, but Ben exploded past him and won by nearly 20 yards. Smith finished in an excellent 8:29.4.

In the mile, Munson forced the pace and even took the lead for three laps after Jipcho had run a 59.3 first quarter and a 1:58.5 half. Munson led at 2:58.0 at the 1,320-yard mark before Jipcho stormed to the front again with three laps to go. The ITA pacer lights were set for a modest 3:59 mile and might have hindered Jipcho, except that he forgot to look at them.

Jipcho's splendid performance in the two mile stirred up both the crowd and his pro peers, who broke two more records. Young Tommy Fulton, in his first try at the 1,000, ran 2:06.3, the best of the indoor season, pro or amateur, to knock six-tenths of a second off Chris Fisher's pro standard. Larry James took one tick off his own 440 record, finishing ahead of John Smith and Lee Evans in 47.2, exceptional time for an 11-lap track. All of which should have guaranteed a fine afternoon for the fans and some socko late-night television for ITA.

But things did not work out that smoothly. Shotputter Brian Oldfield and Pole Vaulter Steve Smith, the ITA's two most valuable athletes, were particularly annoyed. Disappointed by his second-place showing in the shot—he fouled on four of his six heaves—Oldfield vented his rage against television, charging that delays in setting up cameras had bled his performance beyond repair. The event was won by Randy Matson, who threw 67' 5 1/4".

It wasn't mentioned on television, but the occasion was even more embarrassing to Oldfield because ITA had obtained a special sanction to allow Al Feuerbach, the nation's leading amateur thrower, to exhibit his skill after the last pro event. Feuerbach one-upped the pros by throwing 68' 7".

"TV is —," Oldfield said. "They delayed us half an hour and then I just couldn't kick an attitude. The delays—I'll be damned if I know why they happened. They couldn't get the sprinters together, so we went late. I was ready to go but they kept saying, 'Five minutes, five minutes.' I'd rather not have TV if it's going to mess up my event."

Oldfield also was miffed after the public-address announcer failed to introduce him when he appeared in the shotput circle. "That galled me to death on top of everything else," he said. "This crowd is dead, too. I need their energy. I'd have been better off going to practice and inventing my own crowd."

Oldfield might have anticipated his vile afternoon if he had had a more imaginative interpretation of his own dreams. "I've had dreams about throwing the shot," he said the day before the meet. "I'd get off this terrific throw and the shot wouldn't come down, so I had no idea of how far it went. The night before the '72 Olympic Trials, I had the dream again and the shot came down, and it was a good one. So I knew I was going to make the Olympic team."

On Thursday night Oldfield dreamed that he and Feuerbach went to practice together, as they sometimes do at De Anza Junior College in Cupertino, Calif., where they work out. "It had been raining," Oldfield said, "and there was a lot of water all over the ground. Feuerbach threw and he slipped and went sliding out over the water like he was on skis. Then this broad came swimming by, so I didn't throw. I went fishing instead and caught a carp."

Steve Smith's beef was against the officials. After he cleared 16' 6" on his second try, Smith left the competition in the pole vault for more than half an hour and threatened to quit entirely over the way the successive heights were being set. Hoping to break his own record of 18' 2 1/2", the best indoors by anyone, pro or amateur, Smith wanted the bar to be raised in six-inch increments: 17' 3", 17' 9", 18' 3". The last would give him a new mark. "They wanted to raise it from 17' 3" to 17' 10" and then to 18' 1" just to suit Bob Seagren," he complained. "By the time they got to 18' 3", I'd be too tired to try for the record."

Smith won the event at 17' 6" and did get three tries at 18' 3 1/4". He missed on each and then blamed the vault's standards, which, on behalf of the event's sponsor, Personna, are fashioned to resemble two giant safety razors.

"They played the heights to suit Seagren because Bobby was crying again," Smith said. "I lost \$2,000 for the world record I should have had. I feel like I've been robbed."

The Sports Arena crowd got its money's worth, however, as did the viewers who tuned in to NBC, despite glaring inadequacies in the telecast. Television failed to show the high jump, several false starts in the short races, Oldfield's first three fouls and Feuerbach's presence anywhere in the state of California. Jim Ryan's presence in the mile was reported but his fine third-place finish was never mentioned. The husband-and-wife interview team of Bill and Mary Toomey was embarrassingly amateur, particularly for a professional meet. There were good things: the key races were well covered, and the circuslike fun of a 30-yard sprint pitting Lacey O'Neal against the 265-pound Oldfield and 225-pound Ram Linebacker Isaiah Robertson caught the special flavor of a pro meet, with Oldfield and Robertson running away from their small opponent. There was also a voice-over by Henry Hines, psyching himself up in the long jump. ("Come on, you got 27 right now, whew, come on...")

Nor did all the athletes go home unhappy. "Pro track, in any case, has been just wonderful," said 32-year-old Jean-Louis Ravelomanantsoa, the 5'5" sprinter from Malagasy who won the 60-yard dash in 6.1. "I was sent here by my government to get an education, but I needed money to take graduate courses. Another reason I joined ITA is because I

believe all athletes owe something to track. The sport is not appreciated."

Jipcho, however, was somewhat less than ecstatic. "The \$3,000?" he said. "Take away 30% U.S. taxes. I am starting to regret pro track. There is no improvement in the money. I wish the Olympics could be open. I will miss running in them very much. I would have liked to enter the 1,500, the steeplechase and the 5,000."

As for the \$100,000 mile that may be contested in Houston later this year, Jipcho said, "I have no idea about it, but I have to get ready. It would depend on who is there and how I feel as far as time goes. My goals depend on motivation—the money."

AND

Ben wore a white top in his 8:27 two mile.



SKATING FROM UNDER A SHADOW

Once holder of the worst record in hockey history, New York's "other team" is suddenly a threat to meet the Rangers in the Stanley Cup's first round, and the Islanders don't believe in a good-neighbor policy by MARK MULVOY

During that tortuously long first season before the ballyhooed arrival of Denis Potvin as the new Bobby Orr, the New York Islanders served as hockey's answer to another cast of expansion rejects that had once disgraced the Big Apple—the Amazins' Mets. Trouble was, the original Islanders could not calm their critics, including all those haughty Ranger lovers in Manhattan, by feeding them a dose of Casey Stengel's gibberish. One can only imagine, after another of those 9-1 Messian routs that the Islanders suffered about once a week, how convenient it would have been to have Ol' Case laying down a verbal smoke screen for the press. "Now this game here, with my Amazins, you see, when I was born, which I was before they invented the puck, the slap shot was illegal because of the splitter, and they. . . ." But since there was no Stengel, the Islanders could only suffer. And oh, did they suffer.

"Hapless was the word," groans General Manager Bill Torrey, remembering the first year. "The Rangers play the hapless Islanders tonight. The Bruins get a

breather against the hapless Islanders. Les Canadiens rout hapless Islanders. Cripes, I thought hapless was the only word in the English language." But Torrey cannot dispute the accuracy of the adjective; the 1972-73 Islanders were indisputably the worst team in the history of the NHL until the Washington Capitals appeared this season. The original Islanders won only 12 games, a record low, and lost 60, a record high, and along the way yielded a record 347 goals to the opposition. Worst of all, they finished 72 points behind the Rangers.

For being so hapless, though, the Islanders were rewarded with the No. 1 choice in the NHL's 1973 amateur draft. Resisting several attractive trade proposals, Torrey selected the sturdy Potvin, who had acquired a reputation as "the next Orr" while breaking all of Bobby Orr's records in the Ontario Hockey Association. "Hold it," Potvin said. "I don't want to be the second coming of Bobby Orr. I want to be the first Denis Potvin." Identity problems aside, Torrey knew that Potvin would do for the Islanders what Orr had done for the Bruins. That is, Torrey knew Potvin someday would wipe the smirks from the faces of all those people who had ridiculed the Islanders so regularly in their first year. Particularly those smug Rangers, who had charged the Islanders an indemnity of almost \$8 million, including interest, for invasion of their territory. What Torrey didn't know was that Potvin would do it so quickly.

In just two seasons the 21-year-old Potvin has emerged as the No. 2 defenseman in the game and, better still, has helped convert the Islanders from wretched losers to respectable winners. In a town where Brad Park of the Rangers was once compared favorably to Orr, it is now Potvin whose name is linked with the Boston star. And it was Potvin, not Park, who led all Campbell Conference defensemen in the voting for this year's mid-season All-Star Game. In fact,

Islanders' Billy Bow Tie figured that if he waited it out he would be smiling someday.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY THOLO



Denis Potvin doesn't mind comparisons with Orr, but doesn't call him "another Brad Park."



when someone recently asked Potvin how it felt to be playing in the shadow of Park in New York, he answered dryly, "I didn't know I was." Last year Potvin easily bettered the rookie records of both Orr and Park as he led the Islanders in scoring, with 17 goals and 37 assists. So far this season he again leads the Islanders, with 20 goals and 50 assists, and Boston's Orr and Carol Vadnais are the only defensemen who have more points.

More important, thanks mainly to Potvin and Billy Bow Tie, as Torrey is called, the Islanders have shed their image of haplessness.

After beating Kansas City and Chicago and tying Vancouver and Minnesota last week, the Islanders, age three, trailed the Rangers, age 48, by just two points in the Patrick Division race for second place behind Philadelphia. Overall, the Islanders owned the sixth-best record in the NHL, ranked a strong third in the goals-against column, led the league in penalty-killing statistics and—chuckle, chuckle—had lost two fewer games than the Rangers. Now, if the Islanders and the Rangers can maintain their relative positions ahead of the fourth-place Atlanta Flames during the last two weeks of the season, they may even be squaring off against one another in the opening round of the Stanley Cup playoffs. Despite their impressive record, the Islanders have been unable to defeat the Rangers in any of their four head-to-head confrontations this season, managing only a 1-1 tie at Madison Square Garden.

"We know we're better than the Rangers," says Potvin. "We're younger, stronger and better. For some reason, though, we have too much respect for them. We treat them like gods. I guess we really have a bit of an inferiority complex, probably because we believe too much of what we hear and read about them."

Around Madison Square Garden the sudden success of the Islanders has prompted even the most diehard Ranger sufferers to question the managerial wisdom of Ranger Coach and General

rosterboard



Rangers' Francis is definitely not amused.

ISLANDERS *continued*

Manager Emile Francis, whose team has not won anything in almost 35 years. It is bad enough that Dr. J and the New York Nets, who share the Nassau Coliseum with Potvin and the Islanders, probably would destroy the Knicks in a basketball game. Now this?

As always, the Rangers have a long list of excuses to explain their predicament. Injuries, of course. So far the Rangers have lost 240 man-games because of 22 different injuries, including a back fusion, two broken legs, two broken ankles, one cracked hip socket, nine separate knee disabilities and wounded pride. In fact, only two Rangers, Steve Vickers and Bill Fairbairn, have played in every game. The Rangers also moan that bad calls by the referees have cost them a few defeats. And now there is a new complaint: bad ice at Madison Square Garden. For sure, the Garden skating surface over the years has earned a reputation as the worst in major league hockey—soft and too deeply rutted to lend itself to smooth skating or crisp passing. However, as Buffalo's Richard Martin said after the Sabres whipped the Rangers at the Garden, "The ice is the same for both clubs, isn't it?"

Valid or not, excuses are only good on a season-to-season basis. What bothers the expense-account crowd at the Garden most of all is that the Islanders seem

to have a roster loaded with promising young players such as Potvin, Billy Harris, Clark Gillies, Bob Nystrom, Dave Lewis, Andre St. Laurent and Bob Bourne, while onetime promising young Rangers are playing for Pittsburgh (Syl Apps Jr.), or Los Angeles (Mike Murphy and Tommy Williams), or Philadelphia (Moose Dupont), or Atlanta (Curt Bennett) or Buffalo (Don Luce). "I'm afraid that Francis traded the wrong guys," says one traded Ranger. "He should have kept the guys he traded and traded the guys he kept. Wait and see, the Islanders will win the Cup before the Rangers."

While Francis has indeed always tended to alter his operational policies at the first sign of a minor crisis, Billy Bow Tie never panicked during those days of the hapless Islanders. Torrey, who ran the only successful team that the NHL has ever had in Oakland, is a superstitious sort who will not sip his standard pregame extra-dry vodka martini unless there are two olives nestled inside. "Two olives mean two points for a victory," he says. "One means one point for a tie and no olive means . . . guess what?" Torrey also is the only NFL general manager with a serious academic background, having graduated from St. Lawrence University nearly 20 years ago.

"Right from the start I committed myself to a definite youth program," Torrey said Saturday night as he swirled the two olives in his martini before the Islanders' 4-2 victory over the Black Hawks. "I told Roy Boe [club president] to expect nothing from the expansion draft. I even told Roy we'd have to get rid of most of the players we picked up in that draft just as fast as we could."

The rival World Hockey Association helped Torrey in this regard by signing seven of the 19 players the Islanders selected. "We had two other peculiar problems," Torrey said. "The people in New York thought we were brand X compared to the Rangers, so we could afford to be brand X for a while. No one expected us to win many games. At the same time I knew that Atlanta, which came into the league with us, would have a much stronger team than the Islanders and that people would be making a lot of comparisons. So what? Atlanta had to win immediately because hockey was a new game in town and the people there wouldn't support a loser. The Flames would not win now. We could win later."

As Torrey had predicted, the original Islanders were awful, so terrible, in fact, that they drove two coaches, Phil Goyette and Earl Ingarfield, clear back to Canada. At the end of that first season Torrey offered the job to Al Arbour, a nonsense defensive tactician who had been fired not once but twice by the brain trust of the St. Louis Blues. Arbour declined. "When I discussed the job with my wife," he said, "all she could think about was the muggings in the streets of New York. Then we went on holiday to Florida and met a couple from Long Island on the beach. For two days they kept selling us on what a great place Long Island was, that it was nothing like New York City, that it even had trees. So I called Bill back, told him that I wanted to bring Claire to Long Island for a look and, well, here I am."

Arbour's present Islanders mainly are made up of Torrey's amateur draft choices, all of whom are under the age of 24, but include Defensemen Bert Marshall and Jean Potvin, Denis' older brother, and rookie Goalie Glenn Resch, who discovered his transplants before Gaylord Perry; three holdovers from the expansion draft—Center Eddie Westfall, Defenseman Gerry Hart and Goalender Billy Smith; and two veterans, Winger J. P. Parise and Center Jude Drouin, whom Torrey managed to steal from the Minnesota North Stars. Parise, tough in the corners, scored two power-play goals in the Islanders' triumph over the Black Hawks, while Garry Howatt and Bob Nystrom, two products of Torrey's scouting system, scored the others.

Howatt, a 22-year-old, 5'9", 170-pound epileptic, established himself as a fighter last season by winning 25 of his 29 main events, the best fight record in the NHL. However, he only scored six goals. This season he rarely fights—"Nobody wants to fight him," says Potvin—and has scored 18 goals while playing on a kid line with 22-year-old Nystrom and 22-year-old St. Laurent. Nystrom, the blond Nordic hammer, was such a poor skater when he joined the Islanders that Torrey made him take lessons from a female figure-skating instructor. Now he skates gracefully, if not quite in Peggy Fleming's class, and has scored more than 20 goals in each of the past two seasons.

Denis Potvin, meanwhile, had two more assists in the Chicago game, as did brother Jean. The Potvins work the points together on most Islander power

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plays, and occasionally team up on defense. For Denis, it was a quiet night's work. He rushed only rarely, concentrating primarily on his defensive duties at the insistence of the steely-minded Arbour, who carried the puck past his own blue line maybe twice in an 11-year career as a defenseman. Potvin would still like to bring the puck out himself, but he understands his coach's reasoning. "We're going for the playoffs, and the pressure is on now," Denis says. "A's right. I can't take any chances with the puck. I've got to play defense like a defenseman."

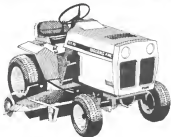
Potvin and Orr have one basic similarity on the ice: they both control the flow of the play. They initiate the attack and oftentimes personally conclude it. Orr has scored a record 42 goals already this season. Eddie Westfall played for Boston when Orr arrived there in 1966 and for the Islanders when Potvin came in 1973, and he does not hesitate to compare them. Westfall also likes to play fun 'n' games with Potvin. After hearing Arbour tell Potvin that he was skating with a bag of cement tied to his backside, Westfall went out, bought a 100-pound bag of cement and had it wheeled onto the ice for the unsuspecting Potvin.

"As personalities," Westfall says, "Bobby is quite shy and bashful, while Denis is bashful but not that shy. Denis is more physical than Bobby. He will throw a good hard body check, whereas Bobby will separate a player from the puck with some quick moves of his stick. The big difference really is quickness. Bobby has three speeds of fast, and he can get his body going in 10 different directions all at once. Denis does not have Bobby's great bursts of speed; his tempo is much slower, much more controlled. Put it this way: when Denis beats you on a rush, he does it with a definite move involved with handling the puck. When Bobby beats you, he can do it with speed or with that definite puck-handling move. It's no knock to say that at this time Bobby is a more complete player."

"Let's be honest," Potvin himself says. "Bobby and I are worlds apart. He's the best in the world. I just hope that someday there will be occasion for people to describe a young defenseman as 'another Denis Potvin.'" Much to his regret, Potvin has saved some of his worst performances for games at the Boston Garden. "It's the mystique of Orr," he says. "I can't ignore the fact that he plays there, that he is where I want to be. I feel the

(continued)

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ISLANDERS continued

comparisons, sure. Who wouldn't? Unfortunately, I've never played well enough in Boston to justify them."

Potvin is not a stereotyped hockey player who lives, eats and sleeps with a puck in his hand. "He's a sophisticated kid," says Goaltender Billy Smith. "He goes out to eat and orders snails and the right bottle of wine. If a guy asks me what kind of wine I want, I say 'Mateus' because it's the only one I know." Denis says, "I'm afraid too many people over-dramatize my situation. I'm a hockey player, true, but I'm also a person, someone with a lot of outside interests. Hockey comes first now, but there are other things to do, too." As president of Denis Potvin Ltd., an American corporation chartered in St. Louis, with branch offices in Garden City, N.Y. and Montreal, Denis can keep close tabs on his business affairs, with help from the vice-president of Denis Potvin Ltd., his wife Debbie. The Potvins live in a spacious condominium about five minutes from the Nassau Coliseum and are deep into interior decoration. "We're going big for the earth colors, lake browns and greens and oranges, and avoiding all the plastics," says Denis. They have furnished the apartment with a Queen Anne dining room set, a King George hutch and an orange-marble coffee table. "What I'm looking for now is an armless rocking chair for Debbie," Denis said last week as he set out on a quick shopping tour in Kansas City.

On the ice Potvin has a hard disposition. The other night Parise, who is 12 years his senior, mishandled a perfect pass from Potvin because he had only one hand on his stick—a cardinal sin. Parise had an open net before him, and he should have scored easily. Back on the bench Potvin did not hesitate to tell Parise that he had to bear down at all times. After the game Parise approached Potvin and told him that he had been perfectly correct in berating him, that his mind had not been on the game. But Arbour—probably the best coach in the NHL this season—was slightly miffed at Potvin, too, because Denis had abandoned his defensive position in the closing moments of the close game and had needlessly rushed up ice with the puck. "Al's right," Potvin admitted.

A player accepting criticism? Two players accepting criticism? Of Course would be speechless.

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DEM BONES, DEM SLY BONES

by ROBERT T. JONES

Wary bonefish and permit feed on the flats off Roatán, a Honduran island that was once a pirate stronghold, but the natives have cuds for suppah

For all its vaunted immediacy, television news has a way of transmuting even the most horrific of natural disasters into banality. Earthquake crumples Pakistan, cyclone swamps Australia, tornado thumps Oklahoma—ho-hum. We view the wreckage, listen to the shocked voices of the survivors, shake our heads sadly at the body count and pop another beer can. Unless we are there at the time or have been there, or, worst of all, have friends living—possibly dying—there, the tragedy impinges on our glutted sensibilities with the impact of a soggy paper towel hurled haphazardly from the next commercial. When Hurricane Fifi hit the Caribbean coast of Honduras last fall, killing thousands, the film clips were wishy-washy. Flattened houses, beached fishing boats,

a few corpses bobbing in the cluttered tide. Yet for those of us who had visited there just five months earlier, the disaster was more than immediate.

We visualized the ruination of Roatán, loveliest of Honduras' Bay Islands. Coxen's Hole, the island's tiny, cozy capital, draped in seaweed. Oak Ridge Cay, where we had stayed, scoured to its bare coral bones by the furious sea, its cool, thatched houses reduced to soggy driftwood. Our stalwart fishing buddies—Bill Kepler, toothless Larry Jackson, silent Earl Cooper—dangling limp and round-eyed in the tangle of a swamped skiff while frigate birds circled overhead. And the bonefish flats—those delicate, pellucid playgrounds of some of the world's finest game fish—buried beneath a gummy cloak of marl. And the reefs where we snorkeled, their bright staghorns cracked and bleaching, lobotomized, with brain corals stacked like bowling balls among the palm trees. . . .

We need not have worried. For Roatán (nee Rattán or Rustán) was once a pirate stronghold, and its people still know the sea—in all its furies as well as its splendors. No less a buccaneer than Harry Morgan himself used Roatán as a base for sorties against the Spanish plate fleets in the 1600s. On the southeast side of the narrow island, the ruins of his three forts, whose guns controlled the dogleg entrance to Port Royal, stand as tough and craggy as the murderous old rascal himself. Modern treasure hunters with mine detectors and pickaxes uncover valuable artifacts of the pirate era; rum bottles, pannikins, sword and cutlass bells, old muzzle-loaders are there for the scraping, at the cost of a little sweat. More valuable than the pirate dregs, though, is the unspoiled nature of the place. It remains pretty much as the Royal Navy's cartographer, Lieutenant Henry Barnsley, found it in 1742, after the pirates had been burned out, and the island, which lies 35 miles off the coast of Honduras, became a British colony.

"This is a plentiful Island," wrote Barnsley, "Abounding with Wild Hogs, Deer, Indian Cornes, Wild Fowl, and Quantities of Tyrtle, and fine Fish &c. . . . The South Side is very Convenient for Shipping, having many fine Harbours. The North Side is bounded by a Reef of Rocks that Extend from one End of the Island to the Other. . . . It is likewise very Healthy the Inhabitants hereabout generally living to a Great Age."

Ladies and gentlemen, meet Larry Bee Jackson of Roatán. Though Larry has yet to Achieve a particularly Great Age—he is only 25—he is nonetheless very Healthy. Short, wide and plump, Larry is the champion beer drinker and barra-



cuda eater of Oak Ridge Cay, a tiny coral islet off Roatán's southeast shore. Since this is the side of the island "Convenient for Shipping," Larry is also an accomplished boatman. At least he is an accomplished fiddler with, and curser at, recalcitrant outboard motors. His curses usually work, uttered as they are through a clenched jaw, the upper front teeth of which are missing. As for the fiddling, Larry is all thumbs. Literally. He has two thumbs on his right hand, a smaller one growing out of the base of the main one. At first the sight of these freak digits puts the newcomer off. You shake hands with Larry Bee and you do a double take. Yuk! Why doesn't he have the "baby" thumb removed? Then you realize: Why should he? What other person on Oak Ridge Cay has that many thumbs? It is a sign of distinction, one to be proud of, and Larry is nothing if not proud.

Until recently, Larry's employer was Captain William J. Kepler, owner of Reef House, one of only half a dozen resorts on the island. Most of the resorts are located at the west end of Roatán in a kind of American-tourist enclave replete with the casinos, swimming pools, air conditioning, cabanas and rum-drink-camaraderie endemic to the Caribbean. Reef House, by contrast, is unobtrusive and simple—three tidy clapboard cottages open to the trade winds, a natural swimming hole back of the coral reef and, thanks to Kepler's two cooks, Juanita and Olive, the best cuisine south of Joe's Stone Crab in Miami. "This is a subsistence operation," says Captain Bill by way of explaining his \$25-a-day rate. "I'm not here to make a fortune. I don't want the kind of guest whose main concern is how fast he can get from the airport to the poolside for his first mai-tai. Mainly I cater to the serious fisherman—the man who has refined his desires to light tackle, to permit and bonefish."

continued



At the age of 59, Bill Kepler is tall, trim and leathery, with a jaw like a hungry barracuda and the mildly dictatorial air of a sea captain. Indeed, during most of his adult life he served as skipper of ocean-racing yachts, winning distinction in distance events on both coasts. During the late 1950s, he commanded a fleet of three 75-foot sport-fishing boats out of Cuba's Isle of Pines, an operation of such size and complexity that it amounted to the angling equivalent of commanding a minesweeping squadron. "We fished marlin and sail and wahoo and tuna on the outside," he says, "and were equally well equipped to fish the reefs and the flats. The way costs are going now, I doubt you'll ever see anything like it again."

What killed the Isle of Pines operation, of course, was the advent of Fidel Castro, who confiscated Kepler's fleet. "The U.S. Government wouldn't do a thing for us," he recalls bitterly. "Finally I told them I was taking at least one of the boats out of there, and to hell with the Cuban garboats. I single-handed her back to Miami safely, but that was the end of big-time fishing for me. You can have excellence on any scale, if the money is right, but for now the best fishing has to be focused down tight to a single type. For me it's flats fishing, and Roatán is a fine place for that pursuit."

As Kepler is the first to admit, the flats of Roatán are postage stamps compared to the vast sheets of shallow water available to the bone or permit enthusiast in the Florida Keys or the Bahamas. But angling pressure is light by comparison, and the fish are quite regular in their habits, appearing on the flats nearly every day to feed on the rising and falling tides. Nonetheless, they are as wary as the rest of their kind in shallow water, spooking away from a bad cast with



the shimmering speed that leaves an angler shaking in his sneakers. But frustration is half the fun of flats fishing, a masochistic game at best, adding as it does to the ultimate thrill of hooking, fighting, subduing and finally releasing the fish.

The bones are up on Helene flat. A long late sun hammers the thin water of a falling tide into a lumpy sheet of copper. As we ground the skiffs on the edge of the flat, Kepler points out the feeding schools. Their forked tails flick up briefly, ephemerally, as they feed—acres of peace signs, it seems, flashing at us from the sun. We ease over the side into the warm water and, spreading out, begin our stalk. Under his conical straw hat, Kepler's face is covered by a pink-and-green muslin mask—protection against sunburn. That, coupled with the goggling stare of his Polaroids and his stealthy, half-crouching gait as he moves toward the feeding fish, makes him look like some kind of manne mugger. But these are no easy victims. As the schools circulate on their evening rounds, we cast everything at them that we have: bucktail jigs in pink, white, yellow and blue, bushy-bodied flies of as many colors; even soft-bodied hermit crabs, called "soldiers" locally, cracked from their shells and impaled on small hooks. Again and again the bones flee at the fall of the lure or bait, flashing away in rippling panic only to turn far down the flat and come back toward us, feeding again but doubly wary.

At the far edge of the flat the water is only calf deep. Sea urchins stud the marl and coral bottom, their black spines wavering in the wash. The odd shark or barracuda sinuates toward us now and then, hunting as we are, but turns away

when it catches sight of our legs. "What dat is?" asks Larry as a shadow moves toward us. "Dat's a cuda—catch him!" I flip a jig across the small barracuda's path, and he hits it. After a brief flurry against the minimal drag of my eight-pound line, he comes exhausted to the rod. Larry grabs him by the gills, holds him up in the fading light and then punches him square between the eyes. The cuda shudders and dies. "Two mo' like dat," says Larry through his gap-toothed grin, "and I got me suppah." He sticks the fish head down into the hip pocket of his shorts. I wonder briefly what would happen if the cuda was merely kayoed by Larry's punch, and it came to and began chomping. Though the fish only weighs some three pounds, about a third of that was teeth.

"You eat those things?" I ask him. "I thought they were poisonous, that they carry a disease called ciguatera, that makes your hair and teeth fall out and blinds you to boot."

"Not dese cudas," says Larry. "I loves 'em fried fo' suppah. How you tells if dey poison, you cuts off a bit and throws it to de chickens or to de wee wee ants. If dey don't eat it, you don't eat it. But dey always eats it."

Lots of luck, I think.

Midday We are staked out on a long narrow flat under the cliffs of Pulpit Rock on the north side of Roatán, a flat the shape and consistency of a giant fingernail clipping. Massive thunderheads are building to the east—we can see the dirty white sheets of rain beneath them—but here it is dead calm and hot. We chug away at bottles of ice-cold Salva Vida, an excellent Honduran beer that indeed proves a lifesaver in this sultry weather. Nothing moves on the flat except the ubiquitous small barracuda. Larry badgers us into catching a few for his suppah. They are more fun on the fly rod than on spinning tackle, but still no great shakes. Kepler peers through his muslin mask, silent for the most part, like the weather, but now and then proclaiming the presence of fins and tails we cannot see. Nor do the fish that bear them ever appear on the flat. But the rain does.

continued



In a sibilant, slashing rush it is upon us, rain as hard and strong as BB shot, cold with the sea wind behind it. We have already stripped to our shorts, securing our shirts and trousers in a bag wooden chest to keep them dry during the downpour, and the pelting of the rain is like a monstrous needle shower. Before the blow passes we are all shivering as violently as ever we did on an Adirondack deer stand in late November or in a Chesapeake duck blind in the January sleet. Then the thunderhead is gone and the sun pounds down again. Welcome warmth. But still no bones.

Toward dark one night Larry and I check out a tiny flat east of Helene. To the south the mile-high peaks of the Honduran mainland loom above the horizon. We study them for a long moment, then wade onto the flat, sinking ankle deep in the muck and the slimy turtle grass. The fish are there. A small school is taking just ahead of us. I cast a white and yellow jig to the nearest fish. It lands just as the bonefish drops its head to suck up an unwary crablet. Then I feel the fish hit, hook up and take off—all in a single motion, it seems. The fish streaks straight off toward Larry, runs right between his legs as he grins foolishly and hops clear of the line. Then the fish turns and runs toward me. I crank like mad, picking up the line. The fish veers off and struggles weakly, rolling on its side not 10 feet from where I stand. I walk up slowly and reach down to release it. Free, it steadies itself and then eases out toward the safety of the deep water.

"Mistah Bill always let dem fish go," says Larry later. "We eat 'em."

"Eat bonefish? I thought they had too many bones."

"You can get de bones out of 'em easy. Jus' crack de spine up near de head and give a big yank on de tail. Dey's good suppah, but not so good as dat fried cuda. You know why dey's so few bone here right now? De folks here been nettin' 'em. Over on de mainland de folks is all Catholic, and dey eats a lot of salt fish on Good Friday. We nets up all de fish we can get and salts 'em down and sells 'em to de mainland. A man can net fish for two months a year, and earn enough so he don't have to work no mo' dat year. Dat's why de bone is scarce right now."

Riding back that night, a vast pall of smoke rises from the hills of central Rostán. The farmers are burning the bush, preparing for another growing season. The blue smoke spreads into an amber fan, obscuring the first stars. Larry is singing above the engine yammer: "Dem bones, dem bones, dem sly bones; dem bones, dem bones, dem sly bones. . ."

Coming in early one afternoon Kepler and I decide to go snorkeling. The water in front of Reef House is clear and calm. Kepler has chopped a channel through the coral from the natural pool just in front of the main cottage to the reef proper. Iron stakes mark the passage, and it is a simple mat-

ter to paddle through, though the sea urchins waving just inches beneath one's belly cause an involuntary, but no doubt healthful, tightening of the gut. Beyond the channel the water drops off, pale indigo, to a forest of coral formations. Gaudy parrotfish nibble at the elkhorns. Flocks of yellowtail and blue runner circulate through the limestone forest. Squirrelfish, goggle-eyed and bright as tanagers, hover under the overhangs. The edge of the reef drops off sheer into blue-black water—800 fathoms, Kepler says. There are caves in the cliff face, he adds, where the tarpon sometimes hold. Only 40 feet down. I hyperventilate and swim down the face, hoping for a flash of silver. What a sight it must be, the huge bright fish circling in and out of the dark, their giant minnow-mouths working silently. I find caves, but there is only darkness within—darkness and the antennae of a small langoustine that disappears before I can grab it. So much for tarpon dreams.

On the way back in I am tailed by a barracuda. It looks huge through the faceplate, its evil eye unblinking, its jaws grinding in an unpleasant manner. Though we all know that barracudas are dangerous only in murky water, where they sometimes mistake the flash of a hand, or a bracelet or ring, for a bait fish, I still find them disconcerting. I swim at this one fast,

roaring at it around my snorkel mouthpiece, and it moves off slowly, reluctantly. I flash on the recent story of the Florida swimmers attacked by ravenous bluefish. Maybe things are changing under the sea. Maybe Hatchcock should do a movie called *The Fish*.

An overcast morning with the fishing slow. We decide to go on a treasure hunt. Captain Bill has his brand-new metal detector with him in the skiff, so we run into Port Royal Harbour. Our first stop is Fort George, the most seaward of Morgan's three forts. The walls were once 10 feet thick and twice as high, but nature and man have reduced them to heaps of dark, coralline rubble. Crabs scuttles angrily where pirates once walked, and coco palms thrust their way gracefully through the rotten embrasures where the cannon stood. Down the beach a quarter mile from the fort is the powder magazine. A small airstrip has been hacked from the jungle behind the fort. The metal detector finds nothing.

Across the bay we climb through a stand of cashew trees to the site of another fort. This one is open to the sun—high, grass-grown earthen embankments with a stone drainage ditch running through the middle. Kepler admires the masonry. "Of course," he says, "with slave labor like they had, you could do damn near anything. But look out at the harbor. You can see how secure this location was. The reef protected them from any seaward invasion, and the guns of the three forts brought a crossfire to bear on the harbor mouth. The way it finally fell was when Morgan went over to the side of the good guys. The British made him gov-



error of Jamaica. His first act in office was to round up and hang all his old pirate buddies. I guess the only thing worse than a reformed drunk is a reformed pirate.

"Then the Spanish came and besieged Port Royal. They landed a force on the far side of the island and kept up a steady bombardment on the forts. The infantry hacked its way through the scrub and took the pirates from the rear. There were about 5,000 pirates and their women and slaves and kids here, and they were all either killed on the spot or taken off into slavery. The whole operation lasted only two weeks. That's why there's got to be treasure around here. The pirates must have buried it hastily when the siege began, and they never got a chance to retrieve it."

We hike up a small, stagnant stream through a thicket of thorn, elderberry and bamboo to the site of the old pirate town. The foundations of small stone houses lie among the underbrush. Shards of old rum bottles, thick and black, dot the ruins, and we find fresh holes where other treasure hunters have been digging. Deer trails crisscross the old townsite, and once I catch what appears to be the flash of a white tail. Kepler confirms that dwarf whitetail deer live on the island. There are a few old back rubbings on the iron-wood trees. Parrots squawk metallically from the deeper bush. Finally the metal detector lets out a yip, then a high, sustained squeal. Hacking through the sunbaked clay soil, we find a piece of metal so gone with rust that it crumbles in Kepler's hand. "Looks like a hinge," he says.

We stand at the top of the hill in what had once been the heart of Pirate Town. The breeze dries the sweat on our faces before it can run. I think of all the good times that must have gone on right here a few hundred years ago and about the rum they drank and the chill they must have felt when the Spanish fleet hove to out there beyond the reef. They probably sweated a lot, but the smell of rum and burning black powder was stronger.

We hike back down to the boat and those cold, cold bottles of Salva Vida.

On the final day, while the others work the flats for permit and bone, Larry and I troll the reef in a dory. What the Roatanians call a dory is a 30-foot-long mahogany log hollowed out and powered by a 9-hp Wisconsin motor. It rolls mercilessly in the gentlest of seas, yet in the hands of a good boatman is faster and smoother than a pounding ride in an outboard-powered skiff. The red and yellow feather I troll picks up a few blue runner and yellowtail—"fry jack" and "peg jack" in the local parlance, Larry informs me—but nothing of any size. Then, just as we approach Helene, something big takes the feather.

It comes up out of the coral forest like a log and vaults half a dozen times while the drag squalls and Larry curses, furiously trying to turn the dory back toward the fish and run with it while the line peels off the spool and the sea catches the dory and rolls her insanely, and I figure we have lost it all. But finally those two thumbs pay off and Larry gets the boat sorted out. When the fish comes to the boat, it proves to be a barracuda the length of my leg. Larry chooses not to try his knockout punch. Instead he gaffs the cuda and bludgeons it to death with a handy wrench.

"Oh, my," he says, all gapes and grin, "dat make a mighty fine suppah. Maybe two?"

Tonight, after dinner, we learn about the Spanish sweat. Retiring to the sitting room of the main building, as is Kepler's wont, we sip our coffee and brandies as Captain Bill discusses the Honduran political climate. Twilight has already thickened into Prussian blue, and candlelight gutters against the spines of many books; the coffee table is an old hatch cover, highly varnished but scarred beneath the gloss.

"That's the good thing about this place," Kepler says. "It's a tough government that will back you up if you've got the money, a government along the lines of a Spanish military dictatorship. There's no horsing around with the law here. Anybody who gets out of line—pow! Things aren't likely to go the way of Cuba or the Bahamas or the Virgins. They have a device called the Spanish sweat that they use on recalcitrant political or social villains. It's a steel band that fits around the forehead and the temples. Loosely at first. They ask a question and if they don't get the right answer, they tighten the thumbscrews. And so forth...."

That night Kepler and I go nightclubbing. You do it by boat on Roatan. We bounce through the dark and a sputter of rain to the Happy Landings Bar, about a mile down-key. There is country music on the jukebox, and the girls, despite their craggy, 17th century English pirate features, are friendly and graceful on the dance floor. The men look like anyone you might meet in a roadhouse outside Valdosta, Ga. After a few beers we leave.

"Good thing Larry isn't here," says Kepler, standing spraddle-legged at the tiller. "He'd keep you out drinking all night. He loves his beer, old Larry does. There's lots of wrecks on a Saturday night, when the drunks go roaring home in their dories. Lose more people a year that way than to sharks or the weather—haw, haw!"

How right he was. Last Sept. 18, when Hurricane Fifi came bellowing up the channel between the Bay Islands and the mainland with winds of 120 to 140 mph, the Roatanians simply rode out the storm as their ancestors have been doing since the days of Morgan. "I haven't heard of a soul being killed," Kepler advised us when communications to the island were reestablished. "The only bodies discovered were three that washed over from the north coast—probably from La Ceiba. These people are good sailors. I know of only one boat that came up on the reef, and that was one from the neighboring island of Guanaja. Sailors understand these things."

Structures fared a bit worse than sailors, though. "We lost a couple of roofs, a straw cabana and our seawall," Kepler added. There was little damage even to boats, though Fifi, in her fury, blew an outhouse into the bay and carried it full tilt into six moored dones, smashing them to flinders. None, however, was Kepler's boat. Total cost to repair the storm damage came to a scanty \$4,000 for Reef House, and the resort is once again in full function. But how about the bonefish? Any damages there?

"The bonefishing and everything else will be back in two months," said Kepler's neighbor and fishing friend, Earl Cooper, a lachic Ochoa who retired to Roatan a few years ago. "The fish are smart. When hurricanes come, they head out to deep water."

Yes, indeed, in the fine old pirate tradition.

END

ROOM AT THE TOP

When a big-league manager gets fired, why does he always seem to get another job the next day? Well, say the owners, there is just no substitute for experience

by BIL GILBERT

MONDAY. Marley Sniffer, general manager of the Oldtown Chokes, today botchily denied that Mugsy Wump is on his way out as the Chokes' field boss. "We do not push the panic button easily," snorted Sniffer, emerging from a 2 a.m. meeting with Chokes' Owner B. Odessa (Dry) Wells. "Mugsy has proved his ability to get the most out of veteran players. As of this time he is our man and we are behind him all the way. Speculation to the contrary only serves to put more pressure on the team, which is now making an all-out bid for fifth place."

WEDNESDAY. Mugsy Wump resigned today as pilot of the Oldtown Chokes.



A PRESS CONFERENCE IN THE OFFICE OF M. SNIFFER - OLDTOWN CHOKES' GEN. MGR.



General Manager Manley Sniffer said, "Mugsy came to the conclusion after careful consideration that a change might be in everyone's best interest; as we have always been, we were in complete agreement. Mugsy has done a great job with us and we are hoping he will stay on as our director of retired personnel." Sniffer said the Chokes are carefully evaluating the credentials of candidates for Wump's job. "In a stable organization," he said, "you don't rush into these kinds of decisions."

FRIDAY. Humbert (Hap) Hype was tapped today to take over the reins of the Oldtown Chokes. Hype opened the

season as the head man of the New City Outrage, but was released after the Outrage fell behind the Chokes in the battle for fifth place. Chokes' G.M. Manley Sniffer suggested that the club had been hoping to land Hype for some time. "Hap has the reputation of being one of the game's finest teachers and tacticians," Sniffer said. "The way the game is played today you have to have a leader like Hap Hype who can relate to the modern athlete. Hap and I have agreed he will be involved in all phases of our operation now and hopefully for many years to come. Stability is the key to success in sports."

This is the most familiar story in professional sport. The shuffling of managers and coaches occurs as regularly and rhythmically as tides ebb and flow or birds migrate. The names and places vary from episode to episode, but the firings are as stylized and predictable as the minut of mating sandhill cranes.

In every league or conference there is one final winner. *Ergo*, there are always a lot of losers—and a lot of people fired.

There are exceptions to the cause-and-effect rule. During his four years with the New York Mets, Casey Stengel lost more games than any manager in major league baseball, but he survived because his job

continued



was not to win but to entertain sufficiently so that the New York press and public would forget how bad the Mets were and how good the Yankees were. On rare occasions a manager or coach is fired for what might be called moral turpitude, but most areas of sport have developed considerable tolerance for minor mischief. Finally there are times when winning, if it is done by the wrong man in the wrong way, can bring on a firing. But of all the reasons for being fired, losing is the commonest. It seems that no matter how much character he builds, no matter how much character he has, no matter how deserving his children or attractive his wife, a coach or manager who does much losing will be sacked.

It is not surprising that somebody should get blamed and then fired for defeats. But why the manager or coach? Though losing, like winning, is a cooperative affair, some members of sports organizations are in a better position than others to dissociate themselves from the consequence of losing. For example, nobody can fire an owner. An owner can fire a general manager, but this is usually more bother than it is worth, since the G.M. is usually an anonymous fellow. Furthermore, he is likely to know where the keys, cash receipts and skeletons are kept, which gives him a certain leverage. Players are shafted about but seldom are canned outright. Getting rid of a player who theoretically is of value (since he is on the roster) automatically raises questions about the good sense of the G.M. or owner who acquired him. In sport the conventional thing to do with a losing player is pass him along to another team where hopefully he will be an even bigger loser.

So by a process of elimination the managers and coaches are left. At best they are junior partners when it comes to collecting the players who actually win and lose games. In most cases they do not inspire fierce fan loyalties, nor does their presence sell many tickets. They have little value on the sports flesh market. In consequence they can be quickly given the heave-ho. As Jim Bouton said, "It is easier for the general manager and/or owner to admit that there was only one mistake and fire him [the manager]. Managers cannot fire general managers for providing poor players."

A good example is the case of Hal Blitman, once the coach of the ABA's Miami

Floridians. Blitman worked for an owner named Ned Doyle, who in an unguarded moment announced he would spend any amount to bring Miami a winner. In due time Rick Barry and Artis Gilmore, two players of good quality and large Florida reputations, became available. Blitman, who felt Barry and Gilmore might make fine additions to his team, reminded Doyle of his pledge. Doyle said these two players were not the type he had in mind. They cost too much. Then, to show he still cared about basketball and Miami, he fired Blitman.

A baseball authority who has given some thought to the manager's function as a scapegoat is Bob Scheffing, himself twice a manager (Cubs and Tigers) and once a G.M. (Mets). "Even worse than losing, so far as a club is concerned," says Scheffing, "is giving the impression that nobody cares whether the team loses or not. When things are going bad you have to at least look like you are doing something about it. What the team probably needs is a couple of starting pitchers, a centerfielder who can catch the ball and another hitter, but there is no way to get them. So to prove it is concerned, the management gets a new manager."

Counting himself, whom he has twice hired and twice fired as coach of the Phoenix Suns, Jerry Colangelo has changed coaches six times during his seven years as the Phoenix general manager. He says, "Let's face it. There are times, and I don't want to get specific, when who ought to be fired is a player or a lot of players. But if you do that everyone is going to start screaming about how much you paid for them or who you gave up in a trade to get them. So the coach is fired."

Another reason managers and coaches are so eminently dispensable is that though they may have been around a long time, there is still considerable doubt about what useful purpose, if any, they serve other than functioning as blame-takers. The confusion is often apparent even in the beginning of a sporting relationship. For example, an owner will introduce his new manager as one who combines the strategic sense of Robert E. Lee with the determination of Ulysses S. Grant and the wisdom of Abraham Lincoln. If he is any kind of manager, the new leader will reply, "You all know I can't hit the old ball anymore (or pass it or dribble it, as the case may be), so what-

ever we accomplish, the players will have to accomplish. But I have a few ideas and I think we can accomplish a lot with the great material in this organization."

But both parties speak with forked tongue. In his heart of hearts the owner feels that with the talent he has so astutely acquired his Aunt Martha could coach the club to a championship. The manager believes that if the collection of hot dogs and hamburgers can just manage to stay close until the seventh inning or fourth quarter, he will come up with some stratagem that will compensate for their lack of ability. All of which is fine until times get hard. Then the roles are reversed. The owner begins thinking, and shortly hinting, that a good coach would, by threats, fines, inspiration, positive thinking or one-on-one counseling, force his fine athletes to hit, pass or dribble more efficiently. The manager or coach has begun to think and say, "Isn't there anyone here who can play the game?"

Long ago the Chicago Cubs reached (not for the first or last time) such a moment of truth. Going into the 1932 season their manager was Rogers Hornsby, who by midseason had the Cubbies in contention. On an Eastern swing he was asked by a New York writer one of those astute baseball questions: Were the Chicago Cubs good for the pennant? "How can I win with that lousy outfield they've given me?" Hornsby said. A week or so later (everything was slower in the old days) Cub Owner Bill Veeck Sr. fired Hornsby.

Mayo Smith, one of the 14 managers the Detroit Tigers have employed during the past 20 years, reacted similarly in much the same situation. Having heard a lot about how the Tigers would be doing wondrous things if it were not for their lousy manager, Smith finally retaliated. "They [and he seemed to include fans, press and front office in the collective pronoun] would not know a baseball player from a Japanese aviator," Smith, of course, was fired.

When it comes to what managers and coaches know, those in a position to employ them do not tend to place a lot of value on technical skills, such as instructional ability and shrewdness. A front-office man hanging around the baseball winter meetings said, "There are three, no, four, managers—Gene Mauch, Billy Martin, Dick Williams and Earl Weaver—whom everybody likes. Those are the

continued

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guys anybody would hire given a chance. Then there are two or three incompetents. The rest all know the same things about the game, manage the same way. Except for their names they are the same and it doesn't make much difference which one of them you have."

"Who are the two or three dogs?"

"I don't want to mention any names. We might want to hire one of them sometime."

Those who believe that coaches and managers make an appreciable contribution to winning or losing (the belief is by no means universal) tend to rate their value as about the same as that of a good relief pitcher, a backup quarterback or a third forward.

"When it comes to the X and O stuff, one coach in this league knows just about as much or as little as every other one," says Colangelo, the Phoenix G.M., "but one guy will do a helluva job with one club, move over to another and flop. He is trying just as hard, knows just as much, but doesn't fit in with the organization or the players. A coach is like a catalyst in some kind of chemical mixture. You are always trying to find just the right mix of coach and players, which is basically why there is so much hiring and firing. It's trying new catalysts."

Among all sports, baseball executives are the managerial mix-masters. Baseball people have been playing and refining managerial musical chairs for the better part of a century. While it may seem a complicated and inefficient way to get everyone back more or less to where they started from, it is a very compassionate employment and deployment system. Once a man enters the charmed circle, he may have to do a lot of moving around, even occasionally sit out a season or so, but with a few breaks these men keep on managing until an NBC producer or their Maker calls. It is one of the interesting phenomena of the Grand Old Game that the more often a manager is fired, the better his chances of being hired.

The newest Detroit Tiger manager is Ralph Houk, who has been a member of the managerial club for nearly 15 years. Houk is a large straight arrow who while being interviewed wears what might be called a serious smile, as though he were constantly on guard against being molested by a teller of shaggy-dog stories.

"Ralph," he is asked, "why do you think the same managers keep getting hired again and again? Aren't there enough people around who can manage?"

"I couldn't answer that. You'd have to ask a general manager," says Houk with a serious smile. "Maybe there is a tendency to go with an experienced man because he can handle the problems that come up because he is experienced."

"You don't believe it is a good thing to change managers every now and then, just to shake things up?"

"No, no. Definitely not," Houk says, and smiles seriously. "A man has got to get to know the organization from the farm system on up. The more stability you have, the stronger the organization."

"When you were the Yankee general manager you hired Johnny Keane and fired him a year later."

"Well, there were some problems there. We lost a lot of the players who had carried us. Keane maybe was not familiar with the organization."

"But Berra must have been with the Yankees 97 years and you fired him after he'd managed for just one year."

"Well, there were other problems there. There is no point in going into that."

"You just came over to Detroit last year. Because you were new to the organization did you manage worse than you did with the Yankees?"

"No, I managed just about the same as I ever did," says Houk, smiling just about as seriously as ever.

Another explanation offered as to why the same managers keep popping up like the same ducks in a shooting gallery is that the job is a very simple one and therefore can be filled as well by old cronies as anyone else. Bob Scheffing, very much of the club, subscribes at least in part to that notion. "I am not sure that a manager has ever actually won a game. On the other hand, a dumb one can lose you five or six games a year that a smart one won't."

Mulling over the matter, Bucky Harris once remarked that there were only two things a baseball manager needed to know: when to change pitchers and how to get along with his players. Over a 29-year span, Harris set an alltime record for times as manager—eight (Washington three times, Detroit twice, and once each with the Red Sox, Phil-

lies and Yankees). Only Connie Mack and John McGraw won more games as manager than Harris, but only one—Mack—lost more.

Though Harris finally pulled away in the TAM department, he had some stiff competition from his contemporaries, notably Jimmy Dykes with six TAMs, and Chuck Dressen, Bill McKeechne, Bill Rigney and Hornsby with five each.

During the late 1950s and early '60s there was something of a changing of the guard as the Harrises, Dykeses, Dressens, Charlie Grims and Steve O'Neills quit for good. A simple lack of time has kept their replacements from getting up there in TAM. Alvin Dark, with four, is the current leader, but perhaps the most promising newcomer is Billy Martin, who appears to have a lot of natural restlessness and volatility. Though only in his sixth managerial year, Martin has racked up three TAMs and may just be hitting his stride.

Professional football coaches are hired and fired just about as frequently as baseball managers, and 1974 was a vintage year in this respect with six NFL and very likely a leagueful of WFL head coaches losing their jobs. However, the professional game is too new and there is too large a pool of assistant coaches—into which fired head coaches are apt to sink and often disappear—for football to have produced the kind of big TAM men that baseball has. The NFL leader in this department is Sid Gillman with three, followed by Lou Saban with two, plus three in the AFL. (Gillman is now retired from the game.) Professional basketball shows a promising instability, but balanced against this is the tendency of coaches to hop back and forth between collegiate and professional jobs, which at least for purists makes their TAM marks suspect. Nevertheless, Butch van Breda Kolf, who has five TAMs in six years of professional coaching to go along with three collegiate TAMs, is a coach well worth watching.

Through the years a considerable body of etiquette has evolved to govern what is proper in firing situations. Certainly the neatest way to effect a change, at least from the front-office standpoint, is to have the manager resign. If, as is often the case, a nice, clean resignation cannot be arranged, a firing is really the only alternative, and sports people have formed some fairly strong opinions on what con-

continued

stitutes good and bad firings. The parting of Jerry Colangelo and Budh van Breda Kolff serves as an example of what is generally regarded as a good firing. Van Breda Kolff insists that the Phoenix job was the only one from which he was fired. "The others I left on my own," he says. "At Phoenix there was a situation in which a change was probably the best thing for everyone. There is no point in going into the details."

The buttoned-lip response of van Breda Kolff may be the classic one, but other, more demonstrative, reactions are permissible. For example, a little manly grief, indicating that the deposed coach or manager really cares, is not regarded as unseemly. Two back-to-back Detroit Tiger managers showed talent in this direction. After he was fired in Boston, Jack Tighe retired to his hotel room where, near tears, he accepted condolences from friends, admirers and associates. The gloom was dispelled by Sam Greene, sports editor of *The Detroit News*, who hustled into the room, held out his hand to Tighe and said simply, "Congratulations."

Tighe was replaced in Detroit by Bill Norman. The next spring, after managing the Tigers to a 2-15 start, Norman was canned. After his last game, a terrible shelling administered by the Washington Senators, Norman retreated to the clubhouse, stripped down to his skivvies and set to work on several cases of beer. Much later when he was helped from the clubhouse, observers reported that he seemed to be in a maudlin state.

Fred Zollner, owner of the Detroit Pistons, performed what may be the most delicate and tactful coaching amputation of all time, the patient being Charley Eckman. Under Eckman the Pistons played more or less as they had for other coaches, in other words not very well. In due time Zollner called Eckman and commented that things were going badly. Eckman agreed but said there was hope for improvement. Zollner said that even so he thought maybe some changes should be made in Eckman's department. "I said, 'Sure, O.K., Fred,'" recalls Eckman, "but then I remembered that I was the only one in my department."

In contrast to these gentlemanly proceedings there are occasional loud and antagonistic firings. The recent Baltimore Colt caper was a splendid example of what might be called a fit-of-pique

firing, with Colt Owner Robert Irsay, an air-conditioning tycoon, outrunning Coach Howard Schnellenberger to the dressing room to announce to the team that the coach was fired. On the spot Irsay appointed a stunned Joe Thomas, the club's general manager, as new head coach. In Baltimore, Thomas has the reputation of being an active, even ruthless, firer. Since he arrived in 1972, the team has had five head coaches (Thomas declining after the 1974 season to rehire himself for that spot), and players have come and gone like Las Vegas comedians. Nevertheless, Thomas is sensitive about his image as a super hook and in fact feels it is undeserved. "I've only fired one coach, Don McCafferty. The other guy [Sandusky] was strictly interim. This other thing [Schnellenberger] was precipitated on the field. I had nothing to do with it. You ought to pick on Rosenbloom, Rooney, all those nice guys. I'm sure Billy Bidwell [St. Louis Cardinals] has gone through three or four coaches. Wellington Mara [New York Giants] has gone through three or four. Just because I did it once doesn't qualify me." (By way of following up on the leads provided by Thomas: the Rams have had three coaches during the past five years, the Steelers one, the Cardinals three and the Giants two.)

While Irsay, Schnellenberger and Thomas were doing their number in Baltimore, Atlanta was enjoying a classic die-with-your-boots-on firing. In 1974, as in past seasons, there was a clamor for the dismissal of Coach Norman Van Brocklin. Unlike Baltimore's impetuous Irsay, Atlanta Owner Rankin Smith was being faulted for being too indecisive: that is, he would have been faulted had anybody around Atlanta been able to find him during the moment of crisis. The word got around that Smith had no stomach for a confrontation with the spirited Van Brocklin, that like a man in a cyclone cellar he was lying low, hoping that the storm would pass. Finally this kind of talk forced Smith to surface. Through a flask he issued a statement: "Norman Van Brocklin has been relieved of his duties as general manager and coach of the Atlanta Falcons. Marion Campbell has been appointed head coach. I have not been hiding in Miami."

Awkward and embarrassing as an adversary-type firing can be, dismissing a coach or manager who is a winner tends

to place an even greater strain on sporting traditions and etiquette. When such a thing occurs it is invariably because of what is called a personality clash. It is almost always a traumatic experience because, contrary to the first rule of sport, there are things that are worse than losing. One is having a winning employee whom you positively cannot abide.

Take, for example, Billy Martin. During his five years as a major league baseball manager, Martin has won pennants with the Twins and the Tigers. Perhaps even more remarkable, last year he took the Texas Rangers, a team formerly regarded in the baseball community more or less as Liechtenstein is regarded in the community of nations, to second place. No team Martin has managed has ever finished worse than third and none of the teams was exactly swamped with talent. Nevertheless, Martin has been fired from two of his jobs and has not been with any club for as long as three full seasons. "The thing about Billy," says a front-office man, "is that when he takes over a club he regards it as his. He doesn't give a damn about how things were done before or about any pet theories the owner or general manager may have and he tells them he doesn't, which makes him very hard to take. He is not going to have any trouble getting jobs, because everyone knows he's a winner, but he probably won't keep a job very long because he comes down on too many toes too hard."

Examined individually and in detail, firings of field commanders may seem to be isolated and bizarre happenings. However, viewed from a certain detached vantage, the whole process takes on a kind of order and symmetry. And the kaleidoscopic shifting of coaches and managers provides, in an odd way, an element of continuity and stability in sporting life, serving somewhat the same function as domestic crises in soap opera. The short punt formation, real grass, and the white tennis ball may go the way of the buggy whip. Ohio State may throw the football and Gaylord Perry may not throw a splitter. Some year George Blanda may not finish a season and Dick Allen may, but in all the chaos and confusion there remain a few things upon which we can depend. One of them is that managers and coaches will continue to come and go in swift if not always stately procession. END

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Now Randy is a dandy

Adding savvy to speed, Buffalo's Smith sparkles in the backcourt

There aren't all that many people left in the world for Randy Smith to surprise. He's done it to every other guard in the NBA by now. Jack Ramsay, his coach at Buffalo, is on the list and so is Eddie Donovan, until last week the Braves' general manager, who picked Randy as a 6'3" forward in the seventh round of the 1971 college draft in what amounted to a public-relations gesture. Howie MacAdam, Randy's coach at Buffalo State, is another. He didn't even

know Smith played basketball until school began. In his capacity as State's Athletic Director, MacAdam had recruited Smith for the track team.

Randy has a penchant for springing surprises. A while back he astonished the Braves' management by telling them he was thinking of playing professional soccer in the NBA off-season. He would probably excel at that game, too, and in the Superstars competition, if he were invited. But his biggest surprise this season is the way he has helped the playoff-bound Braves to their best record ever. This is the year that Randy Smith finally managed to harness his spectacular speed and his exceptional physical talents and has emerged as one of pro basketball's finest guards.

Ray Melchiorre, the Braves' trainer, says Smith has the most perfect body for an athlete he's ever seen. "Legs like Secretariat," he says. "You could take him into an anatomy class and show every muscle in the body." Before Smith came to the Braves, he never had an ankle taped and never had an injury, despite playing one sport or another practically every day of his life since childhood. This is only his fourth year with Buffalo, and he holds the NBA's second-longest consecutive game string (259) as of the end of last week.

At Bellport (L.I.) High School Smith starred in basketball, soccer (there was no football team), and track, but didn't draw a great deal of attention from college scouts, partly because Bellport is a small high school and partly because his college board scores were not much higher than his scoring average.

But he did catch the fancy of MacAdam, who watched him at the State Inter-sectional track meet in his senior year when he won the high jump with a state record leap of 6'6½" and placed third in the long jump with a 23'1½". Buffalo State admitted him, and the Randy Smith legend began.

Not content to sit around until the track season started, he went out for freshman soccer (Buffalo State didn't have a football team, either) and scored just three fewer goals than all of State's opponents combined. After that, MacAdam suspected that he might have discovered a basketball star to boot. Soon it was obvious that he had, and Smith gained a court-side following despite the presence of two certified All-Americans in

the area—Boh Lanier of St. Bonaventure and Calvin Murphy of Niagara.

As a junior, Smith led State to the semi-finals of the NCAA College Division championship, averaging 30 points a game. He scored all the goals in a wild 4-0 soccer victory over archrival Niagara. He set a school record in the high jump (6'10½") and briefly held the national college division record in the triple-jump (52'1½"). Randy Smith stories proliferated. After spending the night in a Philadelphia jail—the result of a complicated misunderstanding with an off-duty patrolman—he placed second in two events at the Penn Relays. A month after the last basketball game of his sophomore year, he won five events in a dual track meet with the University of Buffalo.

As it turned out, Smith needed every bit of the celebrity he gained in Buffalo. If he hadn't been so well known there, the Braves, then a pitiful expansion team, might never have drafted him. "We didn't exactly expect Randy to make our team," said Donovan recently. "When you're drafting that far down, you're looking to give a local kid a chance who might not get one. With his name, if he makes it he helps us. If not, we still look good for giving him a chance."

At the Braves' 1971 camp, Smith again found himself overshadowed, this time by two rookies of greater acclaim—7'1" Elmore Smith and high-scoring Guard Fred Hilton. On the first day, Coach Dolph Schayes lined everyone up for the "suicide drill," a grueling series of back-and-forth sprints. When Smith finished, Hilton, his closest pursuer, still had a zig and zag to make. "Something's wrong," yelled Schayes. "Do it again." Same thing. Randy Smith sat down under the basket waiting for the rest to finish. "He's fast," said Schayes. "He's staying."

Smith began his rookie season as a forward, the 12th man, but John McCarthy, who replaced Schayes when the season was one game old, decided Randy should become a guard. By the end of the season he had made the difficult transition and was a starting guard on a team that finished 22-60. Says veteran Guard Em Bryant, who was with the Braves then, "Randy may not appear to be the smartest man in the world, but he is a brilliant athlete. Anything he sees that looks right, he can do."

RANDY KEEPS THE DEFENSE GUESSING



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What Randy does best is play defense. "There is not a man in the league who can run with him," says Ramsay. Smith sometimes literally runs circles around his man to steal the ball from behind, or disrupts the other team's flow by deflecting the ball with a blurring swipe of his foot, both tactics he has adapted from soccer. He will run full speed into a pick and spin away without losing either his balance or his speed. Last season he ranked third in the league in steals, averaging 2.5 a game.

Smith has improved on offense, where the forward-to-guard switch is more difficult. He is the Braves' second-leading scorer with 18 points a game, is a .475 shooter and stands fourth in the league in assists. What may be of most value to his team, though, is his ability to run the opponent's best guard into exhaustion, which he takes particular pleasure in doing to the Knicks' Walt Frazier.

Soaking both feet in ice water after the Knicks had lost one to Buffalo in mid-season, Frazier shook a weary head. Smith had scored only 14 points and Frazier had put in 24, but the Knicks had come undone when Frazier slowed down in the game's closing minutes.

"I hate guarding him," said Frazier. "Even when he isn't scoring, he's running so fast all over the place and I have to chase him. I feel like a free safety."

What Smith lacks is consistency on offense—the game-after-game reliability of a Frazier, a Jo Jo White, a Phil Chenier. As the Braves' "off-guard" last year, Randy was free of many duties, which were handled by his backcourt mate, rookie Ernie DiGregorio. After DiGregorio was injured early this season, Randy had to become the playmaker, and when Forward Jim McMillian went out with appendicitis soon after DiGregorio was sidelined, Buffalo was expected to fold. Instead it led the Atlantic Division until Boston regained its form. "I had to readjust," Smith says, "to be conscious of setting up plays."

It wasn't easy for a jumping-jack forward who moved so fast in his first two years that he would run away from his own teammates on a fast break. "I've seen Randy turn a three-on-one break into a one-on-zero," says Melchiorre. "He'd run away from both his wing men and the defender and lay it in himself." Melchiorre made Smith wear a weighted belt in practice so his teammates could keep up with him.

"He's amazing," says Ramsay, who takes a fatherly shine to all his players. "Each player needs the correct approach. Randy requires patience and a soft hand. He does best if I can keep him calm and poised and make my point to him. But I have to be sure that he understands."

"Two years ago he used to do things you wouldn't believe. We had a game in Milwaukee and they ran off six straight points. I wanted a time-out. Randy was bringing the ball up and I yelled, 'Randy, time-out!' He just left the ball in the middle of his dribble and came over. He forgot to call it."

In another game that year at Golden State, the Braves were playing unusually well. They led all the way, but the Warriors were catching up in the final seconds. After a Golden State field goal, the Warriors pressed as Smith tried to find an open receiver. With the clock ticking down and the crowd screaming, Ramsay remembers yelling for Randy to call a time-out. Instead, Smith casually flipped the ball in the direction of Don Murphy, the referee, who had to jump out of the way. Jeff Mullins got the ball and the Warriors went on to win. "I was beside myself," says Ramsay. "I said, 'Randy, what are you doing?' He looked puzzled and said, 'Coach, the ref knew I was throwing it to him.'"

Ramsay and the Braves can laugh off such stories now, as Smith gains what Ramsay calls "game awareness"—knowledge of how much time is left in the game and on the 24-second clock, the team foul situation, who's guarding who. "Randy didn't used to see these things," says McMillian. "He'd be going so fast he couldn't look up to see what was happening."

With his easygoing manner, accentuated by a breathy, soft, singsong voice, Randy Smith is the most fun of all the Braves. His byplay with teammate Bob McAdoo keeps the team loose and laughing. His penchant for dashing from hotel lobbies with an open suitcase, looking like a runaway clothesline, early earned him the nickname "Two-Till" as in "two minutes till we leave and Randy's just getting ready." Two seasons ago he contributed more than \$600 in fines to the fund that pays for an end-of-the-season team party. At the \$1,200 spread, Smith stood up and announced, "Half of this comes from my pocket. Now stand back while I gorge myself."

Now 26, Smith is becoming somewhat better organized, as befits a man with a two-year \$200,000 contract. The only time he's been late this season was when he couldn't start the 1964 sand-and-green Rolls-Royce he bought in September. He also owns a '66 Corvette, which he drives in the winter because he doesn't want to subject the Rolls to Buffalo's snows. The chief signs of opulence in his modest two-bedroom townhouse apartment are a large color TV surrounded by \$2,300 worth of stereo equipment, including a pair of refrigerator-sized speakers ("They could blow down the house") and 300 albums.

Smith is thinking of buying a home for his mother Jewel, who lives with four teen-aged daughters and a 3-month-old grandson in a small weathered house in a deteriorating subdivision of Medford, L.I. They exist on the \$540 a month they receive from welfare. Smith talks about the situation uneasily. He says he helps them out whenever he feels he can. "I may be making my \$100,000," he says, "but that isn't really enough to support all those dependents."

"I don't ask him for anything, and when he offers I accept," says Mrs. Smith, who proudly displays a shelf full of scrapbooks and a wall full of pictures of her son. She is also proud of the 1975 Mercury he provided so she can drive to New York whenever the Braves come to town.

In January, the Tampa Bay Rowdies of the North American Soccer League asked Smith to play with them during the off-season. His immediate reaction was to say yes ("Soccer was my first love"), but the Braves, with veto power, said no, the risks being too great for a man who could become one of basketball's all-time best guards. Ramsay agrees that the potential is there. "Certain players never made the wrong play," he says. "Jerry West and Oscar Robertson were two of them. I don't know if Randy will reach that level, but it's possible. As far as pure physical ability, I haven't seen anyone in the league to match him."

"I've always been the best in everything," says Smith. "Small high school, small college, no publicity. Then nobody thought I could make pro ball. People have always come to me and said, 'Randy, I didn't think you could do it.' I always say, 'Well, I thought I could.' And it will be no great surprise if he winds up driving a 1975 Rolls-Royce. **END**

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It had begun last December on the slopes of France, and now, after 26 events and hundreds of miles of racing, it would all come down to a split-second climax at Val Gardena in the Italian Dolomites. In each season since 1970 the men's World Cup ski championship had gone to the last meet before it was decided, but never had there been quite such a finish. With just one race left there was a three-way tie between three-time champion Gustavo Thoeni of Italy, Austria's Franz Klammer and Ingemar Stenmark, the Swedish boy wonder. And if that were not enough, the last event would be the most theatrical of the year, the dual slalom.

Everything in Val Gardena was so geared to the suspense of last Sunday's climactic runs that fans almost ignored an announcement by perennial World Cup women's champ Annemarie Moser-Proell that she would retire. Despite the fact that the 1976 Winter Olympics will be in her own backyard at Innsbruck, the queen declared, "I want to get away from it. I've been racing for seven years. It's enough. I want to have a baby. My husband agrees with me." Admittedly though she sounded, observers felt she would not be able to resist the pressure that Austrian officials were sure to apply over the summer.

Last Sunday the pressure was on Thoeni, Klammer and Stenmark. Unlike ordinary World Cup races in which a man skis alone against the clock, the dual slalom pits contestants head to head over parallel courses in a series of elimination runs down short, steep courses. These races had been added to the official circuit this season and apparently nobody had considered the possibility that they might become so critical in determining a champion. By the eve of Sunday's competition, officials were convinced that a dual slalom was a dubious way of breaking the triple deadlock. For one thing, both Thoeni and Klammer would have several teammates in the races. The luck of the draw might pit them against comrades—and what Italian would go all-out to deprive Thoeni of his trophy? Would any Austrian try to blow Klammer off the mountain? Alas, there were no other Swedes to help 19-year-old Ingemar along.

Oldtime French Coach Honoré Bonnet, now Alpine chairman of the Feder-

A final ride side by side

Then there were three, with two courses and one Cup on the line

ation Internationale de Ski, said flatly, "A race like this could lend itself to cheating." And U.S. Team Director Hank Tauber, who was to referee the big event, said, "I've had to think about that possibility. We'll just have to keep our eyes open." Beyond the potential for cheating, there also was the fact that World Cup racers have always hated the parallel slalom. They feel that the element of pure luck is greater than in the longer events. Before the races, Thoeni mused, "Maybe it is a good show for spectators, but racers don't think it is a fair test." Stenmark complained, "The course is too short and it depends too much on luck." But downhill specialist Klammer, who had been mediocre in slalom all season, had no complaints. "I'm just going to attack and hope for the best," he said.

Klammer, 21, had been the last to join the tie. He had come to Italy with 215 World Cup points after a dismal showing in Sun Valley (51, March 24). Then, performing under pressure in the Val Gardena downhill two days before the final slalom, Klammer flashed to an impressive—and essential—victory, winning by more than half a second and breaking the course record by more than four seconds. This triumph, his eighth in nine downhills this season, gave Klammer the 25 points needed to deadlock Thoeni and Stenmark at 240. Adding to the suspense, both his rivals had to finish either first or second in order to gain any points at all in the dual. It was possible, though it seemed too pat and corny, that they might actually wind up in a battle in which the last scant yard or two of this season might be the decisive measure of the entire year.

Thousands of expectant fans lined the

course on Sunday. The odds were enticing: to seize the title, Klammer only had to finish 10th if both Thoeni and Stenmark failed to make the finals. But the downhill superman proved entirely too human, as usual, in the slalom; in his first race he was eliminated by Helmuth Schmalzl of Italy. And then there were two.

In his first round, Thoeni easily beat Manfred Grabner of Austria while Stenmark defeated Christian Neureuther of West Germany. In his second round, Thoeni beat Philippe Roux of Switzerland. Stenmark faced Poland's Jan Buchleda. In the first heat, Stenmark goaded badly and was beaten. For an anxious half hour the judges deliberated a claim by the Italian team that Stenmark had missed a gate and should have been disqualified. After viewing tapes, the jury cleared Stenmark. In the second heat, the Pole conveniently fell, giving Stenmark the round. The spill caused considerable suspicious head-wagging among Italian team supporters on the hill.

In the third round, Thoeni was matched against a teammate, Tino Pietrogiovanna. When Pietrogiovanna ran off the course there was now head-wagging among anti-Italian forces. No official protests were made, however, and in the semifinal rounds Thoeni swept past Switzerland's Walter Tresch and Stenmark defeated Fausto Radici of Italy.

The veteran Italian and the Swedish prodigy crouched in the starting gates for the deciding run, and crowds bordering the course, which had turned icy after hours of constant use, fell silent. When the gates snapped open, both skiers shot down the hill precisely together. They raced ski tip to ski tip, past gate after gate, with not even a foot of difference between them. Then, less than 20 yards from the finish—at the next to last control flag on the course—Stenmark's skis slipped. He was out of control for no more than a split second, but missed the last two gates. He was automatically disqualified.

Gustavo Thoeni flashed home triumphantly and the crowd—the great majority Italians—erupted in a thunderclap of joy. It was over at last, the most dramatic finish of any World Cup ski season. The final score: Thoeni 250, Stenmark 245, Klammer 240.

END

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AMC  PACER



A man with a dark beard and mustache, wearing a tan, button-down shirt, is looking directly at the camera. He is holding a pack of Winston cigarettes in his hands. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a kitchen or a similar indoor setting.

If I'm going to smoke, I'm going to do it right.

Some people smoke a brand for its image.
I don't. You can't taste image. I smoke for taste.
I smoke Winston. All Winston will ever give you
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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100 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

New era for Delta dawns

The Ladies, who gave up the sport in the '30s because it was too strenuous, broke Immaculata's three-year run of women's titles

When Margaret Wade was captain of the women's team at Delta State University in Cleveland, Miss., during the 1931-32 season her team had six players. Three were offensive forwards and three were defensive guards, with the players at each position confined to their half of the court. A game consisted of seven-minute quarters and dribbling was limited to two bounces. Even so, the school administrators abolished the sport the next season because they thought it too strenuous for young women.

Last week Delta State, back on its game after a 40-year layoff and finishing its second season of the new era with a 28-0 record, became the national champion of women's collegiate basketball by winning the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women tournament at Madison College in Harrisonburg, Va.

Margaret Wade was coach this time, and the game involved five-woman teams playing 20-minute halves on a full court. Her Ladies (a derivative of the nickname Lady Statesmen) were led by 6'3" Center Lucy Harris, the tournament's high scorer, and 4'11" freshman Debbie Brock, a bedeviling mosquito of a ball handler. With poise and terrific shooting—\$2.67 from the floor and 75.67 from the foul line—Delta State swept four games, including a 90-81 victory over Immaculata-the-Invincible in the finals. And the Ladies did it with a casual confidence that indicated that was how they had planned it all along.

Cornelia Ward, a freshman forward who sank 23 of 43 field-goal attempts in the tournament and hit 89.57 from the free-throw line, was asked whether Delta was looking forward to meeting Immaculata. "Yes, sir," drawled Ward, 5'7", pig-tailed and deadpan. "Cuz they're defendin' champs and we wanna knock 'em off. We take one at a time, but if they come our way, we step on 'em."

The press chuckled indulgently at that one. Good copy, these Mississippi players, but nobody talks about the Mighty Macs that way and gets away with it. Before the second round of the 16-team tournament Wayland Baptist of Plainview, Texas, the one team that was supposed to have a good shot at Immaculata because Wayland had the best "big man" in the country in 6'2" senior Carolyn Bush, riled the Macs with some loose talk and wound up in the consolation flight for the second year in a row.

"They called us ugly," said Rene Muth, Immaculata's only starting senior and veteran of all three of the school's championship teams. "Nothing like that to make you play like an animal." Bush put in 24 points against the Macs, but high-scoring Brenda Moeller got off only one shot in the first half and finished with just six points. Immaculata, with no starter over 5'11", won 68-58.

"They had no trouble with our press," said Dean Weese, the Wayland coach, "and that bothered our players because we've been so successful with it all season. The Crawford girl did a tremendous job." The Crawford girl is Marianne, Immaculata's All-America guard, who hounded Wayland with numerous steals and 11 points. With a minute to go and Bush on the bench with five fouls, the Macs' fans were singing *Que Será, Será*.

Customarily, Immaculata fans stop singing only to shout. They are a fanatically loyal and excruciatingly noisy bunch of students, nuns, parents, siblings and Philadelphia-area hangers-on and are backed by a seven-piece pep band, eight peepointed cheerleaders and approximately three, dozen metal wash buckets provided by Muth's father, the owner of a chain of hardware stores.



SIX-THREE HARRIS TOWERED OVER THE MACS

The Immaculata buckets and the fans who bang them came under attack from persons unnamed (certain disgruntled coaches, it was assumed) the afternoon of the semifinal round. In the absurd hours that ensued, both the buckets and the band were banned from the gym, along with all other noisemakers and musical instruments. That would have been fair enough, except that no other team had any. Following at least two official meetings, one press conference, a couple of temper tantrums and a rumor that two Immaculata fathers had contacted a lawyer about getting an injunction, the ban was finally lifted on the condition that the band play only during breaks in the action. The semifinal game against California State-Fullerton began as scheduled, with the infernal buckets stillied.

Fullerton was the tournament's dark horse, an unknown quantity out of the West. To reach the semis the Titans had upset William Penn of Iowa and Queens College of New York. As a result the crowd in Godwin Hall was buzzing with anticipation as Fullerton went up against Immaculata. Not only did another up-

continued

set seem possible, but here was an opportunity to check out Nancy Dunkle, the 6'2" sophomore sensation from California, against strong competition.

Unfortunately for would-be Dunkle raters, the refereeing was extremely tight. The game began with three whistles in the first minute, and by halftime each team had two players in foul trouble. One of them was Dunkle. After scoring 14 points in the first period she spent most of the rest of the game on the bench with four fouls and a towel to mop up her tears of frustration.

"The official wouldn't let us play," said Immaculata Coach Cathy Rush after the Maes had won 63-54. "Everybody in the building would have liked to see Dunkle play 40 minutes—except maybe me. When it came right down to it, it was whose bench was better. We had five freshmen on the floor at one time, and we weren't doing that bad."

Fullerton, a low-tuition state school with 18,600 students located in one of Los Angeles' unending suburbs, is a typical example of the booming interest in women's basketball. Until last year the basketball players sold candy and T-shirts and washed cars to raise money because the school's contribution to their program was too small to cover expenses. Fullerton's teams have qualified for the nationals five of the last six years, and the quality of their performances has kept pace with the improvement in women's play. And the team's success has begun to draw crowds. Whenever archrival UCLA and its star Ann Meyers travel to Fullerton, the games are SRO. This year the school picked up a greater portion of the team's expenses, and next season the women probably will be allowed to charge admission to their games for the first time.

Coach Billie Jean Moore, who played several seasons of AAU softball with the Topeka Boosters and earned her master's in Phys. Ed. at Southern Illinois, says, "We haven't done any recruiting so far. In the past we haven't had to. But the time has come now that if you don't recruit, you'd better go look for a different game to play. We were allowed to give our players a waiver of tuition this year, but our tuition is only \$95 a semester, so it didn't amount to much. If the school wants us to continue at this level, it's going to have to contribute more."

UCLA so far has put up \$180,000 for women's athletics, and one beneficiary

has been the basketball team, now in its second season and conspicuous by its absence from the AIAW tournament. UCLA and Fullerton ended their regular seasons tied 9-1 in the Southern California Women's Intercollegiate Conference, but because UCLA played an ineligible graduate student last season, it has been placed on probation for two years by the western region of the AIAW. That barred the Bruins from the regional tournament to determine who would represent the West in the nationals. UCLA has appealed to the AIAW and the courts, but has been turned down. Some members of the national group feel the penalty is too severe; when the probation is reviewed again, there is a chance it will be rescinded or reduced.

Still, Meyers was in Harrisburg last week, dividing her time between the tournament and the TV set in her motel room, where she watched brother Dave and the other members of the Bruin men's team in the NCAA regionals. She and nine other players had been elected by the coaches to a new Kodak All-America team, and she was en route to Washington, D.C., to receive her award.

Fortunately, the coaches who voted for Meyers also chose Harris of Delta State. If they had not, the spectators in Godwin Hall surely would have demanded a recount. While Immaculata had been working its way through the top of the draw, Delta State had progressed through a 77-75 overtime defeat of Federal City of Washington, D.C. and an 88-66 runaway over Tennessee Tech. Harris scored 42 points in that game, redeeming herself for having fouled out with almost 10 minutes left against Federal City.

"I always get in foul trouble," she said, her sad gaze fastened on the toes of her green-and-white high tops. She had been so downcast the morning after the Federal City game that she would not come out of her motel room for breakfast. Her teammates, who look out for her psyche, took her some doughnuts.

In the semis Harris and her caterers met Southern Connecticut, a good team with a run-and-shoot offense designed to overcome its lack of a 6-footer. Southern pressed continuously, and the pace of the game was strenuous. Tiny Brock scored 12 points, making her third high scorer for Delta behind Harris with 32 and Ward with 34, but two minutes before the end of the game she collapsed,

exhausted and vomiting, on the sideline. When Ward was asked whether Southern Connecticut's was the best press Delta State ever faced, she replied, "It's the only press we've ever faced." The game was the best of the tournament, the Ladies winning 71-68.

A standing-room-only crowd of 5,000 turned out for the final between the Maes and Delta. About a quarter of the fans were Immaculata rooters and the rest were united by a singular desire—to see the Maes get it in the head. Immaculata, like the Yankees and the Celtics, have learned quickly how to live unloved. Wave after wave of affection broke over big, lovable Harris and courageous little Brock and elegant, redheaded Wanda Hairston, who pranced up and down like a show horse, and festy, unflappable Cornelia Ward. They were a whole new set of heroes—or, rather, heroines.

Harris scored on the first play. Brock stole the ball from Immaculata on the second and Harris scored again, and the fans went berserk. Delta was obviously lost, and just as obviously unimpressed by the record and reputation of its opponents. By halftime Harris had 19 points while three Immaculata players—Muth, Martin and backup Center Dolly Van Buskirk—had three fouls apiece. By intermission Delta had outshot Immaculata by the huge margin of 65% to 33%, and was leading 39-33.

Nine minutes into the second half Delta led 62-52 and made that 10-point lead stand up despite Immaculata's very physical press which forced frequent Delta turnovers—nine by Brock, eight by Ward and six by Hairston. But when the Maes failed to steal the ball, Delta almost inevitably ended up going to the foul line. The Ladies took nearly three times as many free throws as Immaculata and sank 83.3%, of them.

With less than a minute remaining to play, Harris had scored all of her game-high 32 points, Ward had added 20 more, and the Mighty Maes were so obviously beaten that Rush took Crawford out of the game.

Like a little kid who does not want to go to bed yet, Crawford, who had scored 16 points, dragged her feet and looked longingly back over her shoulder as she moved haltingly toward the sideline. Suddenly, as if to delay the end a little longer, she went back and one by one shook the hands of the new champions.

END

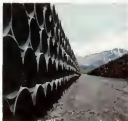
The Trans-Alaska Pipeline.

A report on the most remarkable private construction project in American history.

Far above the Arctic Circle on Alaska's North Slope lies the largest oil field in North America. The Prudhoe Bay oil field holds an estimated 10 billion barrels (one barrel equals 42 gallons) of crude oil.

For years engineers have generally agreed that a pipeline would be the most economical way to get the oil out of this wilderness.

In 1974 work began on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System—the largest single construction project ever undertaken by private industry.



It took over one-half million tons of steel to make the 798 miles of pipe for the project. The sections are 40' and 60' long, 48" in diameter.

The route

The Trans-Alaska Pipeline System will be about 798 miles long—winding its way from Prudhoe across the rugged face of Alaska to Valdez, a deep-water port in southern Alaska.

The Pipeline must cross 3 major mountain ranges, including the Brooks Range, where it will snake through Dietrich Pass at 4,500 feet



The 798-mile Trans-Alaska Pipeline System may ultimately carry 2 million barrels of oil a day from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez.

elevation. It will cross 17 major rivers, including the Yukon, third largest in North America.

At the southern terminal point in Valdez, the oil will be loaded into ocean-going tankers and shipped to the U.S. West Coast.

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Working conditions along the route are almost without parallel in the history of the industry. 40-mile-an-hour winds and temperatures down to 80° below zero can reduce human work efficiency by 90 percent.

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It will take over three years and nearly \$6 billion to build the Pipeline. This is the equivalent of what it would cost today to build 27 Empire State Buildings, or 3 Paname Canals.

Ownership of the Pipeline is held by eight companies, with Exxon Pipeline Co. having a 20 percent

interest. These companies formed Alyeska Pipeline Service Co. to design and construct the Pipeline.

What's happening today

Right now, thousands of men and women are working on the Pipeline at many different camps spaced along the route. Employment will reach a peak of 15,000 workers at 29 camps.



The highest hurdle for the Pipeline will be the 4,500-foot-high Dietrich Pass in the Brooks Mountain Range.

The present schedule calls for the Pipeline operation to begin in the summer of 1977 at 600,000 barrels a day, with capacity of 1.2 million barrels a day shortly thereafter. Ultimately, the pipe may carry 2 million barrels a day. This important new source of oil will help America become more self-sufficient and less dependent on foreign oil.

For additional information on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System, write: Exxon Corp., Dept. X, Box 1147, Ansonia Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

EXXON

All packed and waiting

In the fond hope that their slam-bang style will once again gain Olympic acceptance, the wild bunch continues to tear up the indoor ice rinks

A lot of it is in the strategy, and 16-year-old Jacques Thibault of Quebec City, Canada knew just what it takes to win at speed skating, pack style. Part of the secret is in the left hand, in the way one leans hard into the turns and trails one's fingertips on the watery ice. As Thibault swung into the lead his fingers kicked up a rooster-tail of water, and New York's John Lovell, pounding along behind, was catching it in the face. Lovell made a desperate attempt to pass, and down he went, sloshing into the boards. The pack quickly left him behind, and Thibault went on to win his 800-meter heat. Dunkings are all part of the game.

Among the 274 skaters assembled at Lake Placid for last week's North American Indoor championships, the feeling was that this is how the sport should be run: not the cold, impersonal verdict of a stopwatch, not speed skating Olympic style. Their goal is to convince the rest of the world, or reconquer it after 43 years, that theirs is the true way.

After the U.S. had sold Lake Placid as the site for the 1932 Winter Games, it also sold the concept of pack skating. But it turned out that the Europeans did not know how to skate in packs, and two New York lads, Jack Shea and Irving Jaffe, won all four men's gold medals. Naturally, that was the end of pack skating in the Olympics.

In 1980 the Games will return to Lake Placid, but pack skating still will be out in the cold. However, as Medalist Jack Shea, now 65, noted last week, "Pack skating is more fun. It's a matching of wits not speed." Olympic skating is a four-lap-to-a-mile proposition pitting two skaters against each other. There is no jockeying for position, there are few falls—and no unexpected soukings.

The Lake Placid rink is 16 laps to the mile, typical for indoor racing and the source of much of its style and madness. The rhomboidal-shaped course offers

tight turns, and getting around them takes a lot of fancy footwork: the dragging of toes, considerable digging in and pivoting. This tends to hack up the ice. Then, just as the surface gets too bad, out comes a bucket brigade; water on the ice supposedly lessens the friction. But the ruts grew deeper last week, the buckets kept emptying and the skaters kept flying into the soup.

Still, there were more laughs than tears. Nothing could completely detract from the presence of the Continent's best indoor racers, and their sport stirs ample excitement. All the skaters charged hard, tilted like bicycle racers, bodies low, waiting to make their moves. On the first night of competition, after a day of ravaging the ice, 34 skaters went down in 20 finals, and these were the best of the lot, survivors of a whole day of heats and semifinals.

The favorites kept getting knocked off, partly because of the ice, but partly because that's the way things are in pack racing, as they are in demolition derbies. Riche Wurster of Saratoga Springs, N.Y., national champion in the outdoor division—the four-lap, less hectic cousin to indoor racing—fell in a 3,000-meter heat. He had not fallen in more than 300 previous races. Another wham, Jim Lynch of Sydney, Australia, was considered a man to beat, but in his 800-meter heat he tripped over a bootlace and splashed out of the event. "That never happens," he grumbled. As a U.S. visitor and unofficial entrant, Lynch almost had won the title last year. This time he had full sanction. A spill also wiped out Alec Karros, a 20-year-old threat from the University of Missouri, and in the 800 meters Wurster tumbled again.

In the 800-meter women's finals, the two favorites, current national and defending North American champ Michelle Conroy of St. Paul, Minn. and Peggy Hartnack, former national champion from St. Louis, Mo., were both dis-

qualified—Conroy for charging, Hartnack for pushing. They seemed bewildered, but that's the sort of week it was. "All the officials are volunteers," said Karros, "so one week you can get by with a flying tackle and the next week you're out if you touch someone's arm."

Between races, while the skaters considered the possible disasters awaiting them, they promoted their game. One racer cited the *Ginness Book of World Records* to prove how great the sport was and, by association, himself. "The fastest hockey skater is Bobby Hull," he said. "He has been clocked at 29.7 mph for a short burst. But pack-style speed skaters can average 29.43 mph throughout a 500-meter race." The way they treat their skates might be a factor. Most hockey blades are ground to form a concave hollow, the speedsters said, while their blades are filed with a flat area in the middle—plus slightly turned-up areas at front and back for easier pivoting in the turns. As an added touch, the blades are mounted left-of-center on the foot to help in cornering.

The last hours of the meet were as wild as anything that had gone before, and the pattern didn't change. Based on point totals, Ron Scholefield of Brookfield, Ill. was tied for the lead with Lynch among senior men. Scholefield burst home first in the 1,500-meter semifinal but was disqualified for cutting inside one of the boundary markers (they were toilet-bowl plungers, minus handles, stuck on the ice). That left him with one more chance, the 1,000-meter final, but at the tight first turn Scholefield went down—and out. Lynch won the division, this time officially, bouncing around the rink like a kangaroo and prompting one competitor to call him "our most charismatic champion."

When the women's points were totaled, Hartnack had beat out Conroy for the senior crown and that evened them up: a national and a North American title apiece. Conroy, who has retired after each of the past two skating seasons, was asked if this was it again. "Absolutely. I'm retired," she said.

Still, one could not help but notice that Conroy was sharpening her skates when she said it. Pack-style skaters never retire, really. What if someone asked them if they'd like to compete in the Olympics like those other skaters—you know, the ones who never experience the thrill of body contact?

END



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FOR SAM THE PRICE IS ALWAYS RIGHT

Whether it's a PGA tune-ament or a \$5 Nassau, 62-year-old Sam Snead will give it his best shot, and don't bet against his winning both

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

CONTINUED

Off the tour Snead cools his heels at his Florida home, practices surf casting and smokes like a bartender.



Keep close count of your nickels and dimes, stay away from whiskey, and never concede a putt.

SAMUEL JACKSON SNEAD, *The Education of a Golfer*, 1962.

A club member in a red pinstriped blazer and gray-on-black patent-leather shoes was coming out the door of the Pine Tree Golf Club of Delray Beach, Fla., which is characterized by the membership as "selective" rather than "exclusive," when the Cadillac with the West Virginia license plates pulled up. Sam Snead, the 62-year-old mountain of youth, the same Sam Snead once described by Lee Trevino as "the most outstanding athlete the world has ever seen," popped the trunk from a button in the glove compartment, got out on the driver's side and came around.

"Hey, Sambo," said the member. "What's this, no more Continentals?"

"Like the feller says, 'If the price is right,'" said Snead, and opened the trunk. From the hodgepodge of golf and fishing equipment he grubbed fresh balls and began stuffing the pockets of his golf bag. Then he unsheathed a new set of irons. "When I leave the air conditioning off, I get 14 miles to the gallon."

The man hefted one of the irons, giving it a 15-handicap half-swing. "Feels heavy, Sam," he said helpfully.

"Hell, they're for a man," said Sam Snead. "They're not for a damn child." He grinned, the right side of his mouth rising above the left.

An attendant took the bag, and the parking valet took the 14-miles-per-gallon Cadillac, and Snead went inside past the receptionist, who waved cheerfully, and into an elevator to the locker room, where he sat down before a stall marked SNEAD/TUTWILER and began changing to his golf shoes.

"They let me play in the club championship here three years ago," he said, lowering his voice. "I'd never played in one, and they let me in and, boy, you never heard such carrying on. I told Chuck Kelly, 'Listen, I'm playing, but if I win, I'm not taking anything.' I won by 10 strokes, but I couldn't get anybody to bet a damn nickel. Everybody was dying, but they weren't saying anything, and I wasn't, and finally at the banquet I got up and I said, 'I ain't your champion, Ed Tutwiler is. This is his trophy. I'm just grateful you let me play.'"

The right side of his mouth went up and his voice tightened with pleasure.

"Boy, I never had so many instant admirers."

Dressed in a yellow polo shirt that had a small tear at the seam near the waist, and blue pants and black shoes that needed polish, and wearing the familiar coconut-straw hat, Snead went down the hall and stood outside the pro shop where a burly black man had already attached his clubs to an electric cart. The man asked how he had done that weekend at the Quarter Century tournament at Disney World.

"Won by six," Snead said. "The

feller says, 'It was worth the drive.'"

"How much you win?"

"Two thousand."

He got into the cart and whirled around the north side of the white stucco building, down a paved path to where a small group of early-in-the-weekers were slapping at balls on the practice tee. A pale man in aqua Bermuda shorts stopped and leaned closer to his wife, who had been chopping grounders. They stared at Snead with their heads together.

"Hey, hustler," said a tall man who was hitting practice shots. "Playing today?"

"One o'clock. I'm expecting you."

"I dunno, I may be stupid, but I..."

"We're going at one. Be ready. You can go." The man hit an iron shot high and far and Snead whistled admiringly. "Oh, looky there," he said. "You're swinging go-ood. Bring your purse."

"Wednesday," said the tall man. "I'll play Wednesday."

"Gotta go to the dentist Wednesday," said Snead.

"Good. Tell him to add four strokes to your game."

A second cart pulled up, driven by a stockily built man, fiftyish, with a square, tough-Irish face and graying hair.

"Chuckie baby?" Snead crooned.

"He can see my money through my pockets," said Chuck Kelly, winking at Snead's companion. Kelly is a coal-sales executive who winters in Florida. He has been playing golf for money with Sam



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES CRANE

Snead since they were both, as Kelly says, "much younger." With the help of a four handicap, Kelly holds his own. "Tut flashed a roll of bills in the lounge the other day, and Sam almost had a fit. 'Oh, my, look at that pretty color,'" Kelly said, mimicking Snead. "'Oh, that's my favorite color.' Tell you what, Sam, you go ahead and see if you can improve some, and I'll get a bite to eat and meet you on the tee."

"Don't get too far. I like to be near my money."

Snead scooped the new balls from his bag, speckling the grass around him, got out a nine-iron and began hitting rainbows to the left of the practice range. Along the tee line action stopped as the textbook came to life. The exquisite swing—time-locked, sealed in pelatin, smooth as a butternut—lifted the balls and rolled back the years. Slammin' Sammy. One after another the shots arched and landed, forming a cluster no more than five yards in diameter. Snead switched to another iron ("They're a little stiff," he complained), then another. Down the side of the range little floral arrangements of glistening white dots began to appear, each one deeper than the one before until, with a wood, Snead began hitting balls past the cut area into a plot of newly planted palms.

"Where'd you get that hook, Sam?" The tall man had come to watch.

"Hook? Hell, that's no hook. An Indian can't walk any straighter 'n that."

"Well, it looked a little low."

Snead swung again, and the ball got up and shrunk until it seemed to be suspended in the air. When it finally landed, it was deeper still in the young palms.

"High enough?" said Snead.

"Think you're ready for Johnny Miller?"

"I'd like to have that boy's nerves in this tired old body," Snead said. "But somebody's going to have to go get him, might as well be me." He winked, mounted his cart and headed upstream into the practice area.

"My accountant got to figuring one year," he said, bouncing along. "He figured I'd hit 1,640,000 balls, practice and tune-aments. For 13 years I never missed playing more 'n two or three weeks at a time. A reporter in England was interviewing me during that Benson-Hedges thing last year. He said, 'You a millionaire?' I said, 'Well, what do you call being a millionaire? One million? Two million? Four million?' He said, 'Gol-lee, what the hell are you doing out here, then?' I said, 'Cause I like to play.'"

He stopped at the first cluster, bending from the cart to reclaim his property, twirling the handle and manipulating the machine like a vacuum cleaner and contorting his body. One ball was farther to the left than he would have liked, and he leaned way out to get it.

"I don't have the control I used to have," he said. "No nerves in my hands and wrists. I lock everything in now. Used to be I could control every shot with my wrists, just flip it up there wherever I

wanted. Can't do that anymore. When I was having trouble with my wrist last year they took X rays, and the doctor said it looked like a damn rat had been in there, eating the metacarpal muscles. Just wear and tear."

He continued the harvest down range, cleaning up the little patches of white, not missing a ball until he got into the palms, where he made a note out loud on which brand had gotten the best distance.

"I suppose I've lost 25 or 30 yards off the tee," he said as he turned back. "Every now and then, when I'm feeling really good, really oiled up, I put one out there, but most of the time you get to thinking about it, and you just tighten up and nothing happens. You gotta be loose to play this game. That's why Palmer and some of those boys have trouble. Especially the ones with short back swings. No elasticity. You gotta be loose. Looka here."

He guided the cart with his knee and with the forefinger and thumb of his left hand clasped the thumb of his right—a scared, crullerlike appendage, thick as a cucumber—and bent it back so that the nail nearly touched his right wrist.

"Loose," he said.

He stopped at the bunker by the practice tee and deposited another bouquet of balls.

"I used to be the best sand player on the tour," he said matter-of-factly, moving into the trap. "Put it where I wanted, whichever side I wanted." His wedge

continued

flashed, and a ball popped through the cloud of sand and hit to the left of the flag, another hit right. The third skidded too far past. "At least I thought so," he said. "Here, I'll open the blade a little. See?" Another soft explosion, and the ball popped out, hit, ran gingerly and rumpled the cup.

"I've always had keys for myself like that. I don't understand it when I read, 'Nicklaus says he has to go see Jack Groat to check his game.' Shoot, I never took a lesson in my life except for shagging balls for my brother Homer. When I was a young pro at The Homestead I asked Fred Gleim to help me a couple times. He said, 'Hell, you're a pro.'"

You gotta understand what Sam came from. Nothing. A barefoot hillbilly with a couple shirts and a pair of wool pants, and it was a new world. The first exhibition I got for him he said, "Be sure to say I'm from The Greenbrier. They pay me \$45 a month." Well, he learned early. The Greenbrier docked him \$11.25 for being nine days late after he almost won the Masters that year. The thing about Sam is that he wants to win at everything he does. Golf, cards, pitching premiums. My eight-year-old

daughter was in her room one time, and Sam went upstairs to visit her and play some gin rummy. My daughter said, "Uncle Sam cheats." I said, "Sam, did you fool around with that deck?" He said, "Sure. I was just having fun." I asked him once when he was at the top of his game if he'd play my brother John for \$5 even. He said, "Well, how good can he play?"

FRED CORCORAN, VICE-PRESIDENT, INTERNATIONAL GOLF, SNEAD'S EX-MANAGER.

On his way to the first tee Snead stopped long enough at the Pine Tree snack bar to purchase a hot dog and a diet cola. His companion ordered a chicken sandwich.

"Half or whole?" the waitress asked.

"Only place in the world you can buy half a sandwich," said Snead. He stuffed the hot dog in his mouth and put his foot down hard on the throttle.

Chuck Kelly was already on the first tee, waiting with a florid-faced man named Jim Raymond, who draws the comic strip *Blondie*, and the tall golfer from the practice tee. His name was Chuck MacCallum, a Florida real-estate man. He had been Pine Tree's club champion twice. At age 15, in Midland, Mich., "when I was young and full of myself," MacCallum said, he got promoted into a driving contest with Snead. He said he hit three balls, the last one "about as far as anybody could hit it. Sam got up and hit his first one past me on the fly. With a four-wood." Snead said he did not remember the episode.

"How many shots you giving me?" MacCallum asked.

"The same," said Snead. "Four and three."

"The same? You beat me every damn time."

The smile lifted the right side of Snead's face.

"Well, you gonna have to improve."

The haggling went on until a full quota of bets were made, team (Snead pairing with Raymond) and individual. MacCallum improved his bet to four-and-four. Satisfied, Snead got up to hit, assuming the honor. "I'm gonna

throw a little 32 at you today, Chuckie baby," he said. "A little old 32." And he hit his drive 20 yards farther than the others would.

"I shot a 63 here once," he said as he got in the cart, "and it'd been a 61 if I hadn't three-putted the last green. Ted Kroll wouldn't stop talking on my backswing."

He missed a 10-footer for a birdie, and three-putted the second to fall behind. "I never play good after a tune-ament," he said, twisting the handle of the cart and stomping the accelerator. His passenger's head jerked back. "I always have a little letdown after a tune-ament."

He rolled in a 20-footer for a birdie on the third. Driving again, he said he always preferred this kind of golf, man-to-man, "where you can look a feller in the eye." He said Dutch Harrison "used to make his expenses on the tour playing \$2 Nassaus with the younger players. He'd say to one of 'em, 'Oh, my, you're playing so good,' then he'd beat 'em 2-2-and-2."

He said you had to have guidelines, though. "Never gamble with a stranger," he said, "and if you do and he stops arguing the handicap too soon, you know you got a hawk in the chicken yard. When I was at Boca there were three guys I didn't know asked me to play one day. I said, 'Well, you know my fee for a playing lesson is \$100.' That didn't seem to shock 'em. And I said, 'And we'll play a \$10 Nassau. What's your handicap?' It's a mistake not to know those things, especially since they sure as hell knew mine. They said, 'Five,' and I said, 'Fine, I'll give you six.' So we kinda played along without making a dent, and on the 4th or 5th hole I said, 'Listen, I'll dispense with the fee and play your best ball and cut you for \$1,000.' They all said O.K., and we wound up playing four courses over the next five days. I won \$1,000."

He grinned and got out of the cart. They were on the 5th tee at Pine Tree. "Hey," he said to the others, "I'll play your best ball from here in."

Jim Raymond said, "Well, I dunno, I'm not..."

"C'mon, Pidge, you're gonna get hot. You know you can play better."

"You're crazy if you do it," Chuck Kelly said. "I'll go along, but you're crazy if you do it."

"Hell, you boys are shooting par, and look at me? I ain't doing nothing."

The tumbling continued until the bet

continued



Wearing his familiar coconut straw, Sam signs autographs for his fans.



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SNEAD *continued*

was made. "Don't you like the way he did that?" Jim Raymond said. "'You three big bad guys against poor little me.' So why am I smiling?"

"What does he mean 'Pidge'?"

"Short for pigeon. He knows I hate it."

Snead plugged along, only moderately sensational, unable to stem the tide of his opponents' best-ball birdies and handicaps. But his putting began to come around on the back nine, and he gained ground; the irony was inescapable. On the tee his swing is the prettiest in golf; on the green his stroke is a curiosity. Sam faced the hole, crouching beside the ball as if he were about to slalom with a single ski. His right hand held the club down the shaft and his left, at the top, acted as a fulcrum. The pendulum action all but eliminated wrist movement, the root of most putting failures. Snead has called this invention the "sidesaddle."

He said he had started putting that way—except then he hit the ball between his legs, croquet style—"about nine years ago in the middle of the PGA when I got the yips so bad it was that or quit." When crossing the putting line was outlawed in 1968, he simply slid his right leg over to meet the left, enhancing the looks of the stroke, though not enough to satisfy the purists. ("Hogan would never have done it.")

"They used to laugh when I started putting like that," Snead said as he went for a cup of water on the 13th. "I'd see 'em snickering, and I'd always get those comments from the gallery. At the Masters one year Bobby Jones said, 'That's a helluva way to putt.' Well, I don't care what way it is, the object of the game is to get the ball in the hole and pick up the check. Putting is an entirely different game, anyway. You start out hitting the ball into the air, with a full swing, and you end up jabbing at it and rolling it. Hell, no, I wasn't embarrassed. Why should I be? I wanted to play."

"Funny thing is I go to these tournaments now, and I see guys practicing the sidesaddle. Two years ago at the PGA Seniors I was 20 under, and all those old geezers were out there trying it. Palmer tried it on a practice green once or twice. Freddie Corcoran says they're even teaching it in England."

He hit his next shot, then walked ahead to a bunker, checking the card and pacing off the distance. He had done this on almost every hole, though it mostly went

unnoticed because he walks so fast and does not hold up play. Chuck Kelly watched him.

"We were playing in a pro-am one year at The Homestead in Hot Springs, and one of the guys had a flask of brandy he was sipping," Kelly said. "He just wasn't taking the game seriously enough, and Sam got sore. He said, 'Listen, I don't give a damn if it's a pro-am or the U.S. Open, I play as good as I can every time I play, and I don't want to play with somebody who doesn't do the same.' He laid it on him good. Sam's that way. He'll work as hard here in five days trying to win \$65 as he would at an exhibition for \$5,000. He turned one down at Hilton Head not long ago. He said, 'How much?' They said, '\$5,000.' He said, 'I'll stay home and play.'"

The match and most of the bets were even at the 17th, a straight-on 430-yard par-4. Snead chose a seven-iron from a point near a trap at the left for his second shot. "Little baby," he said to the ball. "I'm gonna have to put a hit on you... just cut this little seven in there... just cut it..." Whap. "Oh, that'll play." The shot bedded down four feet from the pin, and his birdie closed out MacCallum and the best-ball portion of the bet.

"You'll have a tough time getting a match the rest of the winter," Jim Raymond said.

"Especially from me," said MacCallum.

"Well, how close do you want it?" said Snead. "You went to the 17th."

"I want to win one," said MacCallum. "Last time I won was when we played in that sixsome. And you were my partner."

Snead grinned. "Well, the feller says, 'You gotta give it a shot.' They left the green and he launched into a story about 'a feller who accepted a million-to-one bet that he couldn't jump across a lake. He ran and leaped and made a helluva splash, and the other feller says, 'Why'd you take such a stupid bet? There's no way you can jump across this lake.' And the feller says, 'For a million-to-one I had to try.'"

MacCallum laughed with the others.

On the 18th Chuck Kelly put a long midiron inside Snead's ball, which was already on the green, eight feet from the pin. Snead, standing on the fringe, threw his putter into the air. "Gee whiz," he shouted. "There's one in every crowd."

The putter came down and stuck handle-first in the green.

Then Snead got down into his slalom and punched in the eight-footer, and Kelly missed the shorter putt and the match was over. Snead was delighted. "That was a \$25 putt," he chortled, scribbling on the scorecard at his caddy. "A \$25 putt, Chuckie baby." He twirled the curl handle toward the clubhouse, where the attendant intercepted him outside the pro shop and began unleashing his clubs.

"You playing in the Seniors at Disney World next week, Mr. Snead?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Snead. "I'm going up there to play with those old geezers. They're giving the winner another Continental this year, you know."

All I got from the first golf job I ever held was a free lunch and a spare-time chance to hustle a few guests into taking lessons.

SAM SNEAD, The Education of a Golfer.

I spend as much time now on Snead's activities as I do on John's Miller's. That's how popular he is. He could make money all the time if he wanted to.

EO BARNER, PRESIDENT, UNI-MANAGERS INTERNATIONAL.

"I'd rather play with friends like that than play in a tournament any time," said Snead, turning the Cadillac out the long drive from Pine Tree and accelerating south toward Boca Raton. The windows were down, the air conditioning off.

Then why go to tournaments at all?

"The competition. Quit competing, and you dry up like a peach seed. But a lot of times I get out there, and I wish I was somewhere else. Fishing or hunting. Then I say, 'What the hell, I'm here now, I might as well play.'"

He turned the car east on Spanish River Road, heading for the ocean and picking up speed. He passed cars, slipping in and out of the lane. He said his "touring pro" relationship with The Greenbrier had been severed after 38 years. He indicated that the parting had not been amicable, much the same as his split with the Boca Raton club six years before. He had been the pro at Boca, his winter base, 14 years. In both cases, he said, a new management had decided to cut corners. Snead was the biggest corner. First they took over his carts, a major

part of his revenue, then the pro shop.

"The new manager at The Greenbrier offered me a straight salary. I said, 'How much?' He told me, and I said, 'The hell with it.'"

Shortly after that, he said, Tom Lennon, an old friend and the president of The Homestead in Hot Springs, called and offered him that job. The Homestead is 45 miles from The Greenbrier across the West Virginia line and is the course Snead grew up on as a caddy, where he turned pro in 1933. "We made a cash deal, and if I want to give lessons I can charge whatever I want." He grinned. "Feller says, 'If you want some lessons, I'll come get you.'"

He passed another car, getting back inside the middle line just ahead of a fuel truck.

"I can't complain," he said. "The Wilson clubs I endorse are still the biggest sellers they got, and I get about a penny apiece. That's \$100,000 to \$160,000 a year, for the last 10 years. That's not so bad, is it?" He said he has the house near Boca Raton and one in Hot Springs and a farm he works outside Hot Springs, and a 600-acre cattle ranch nearby and a couple little beer joints in Florida. Three years ago, he said, he had turned his finances over to Ed Barner's group in California. He now gets \$7,500 for a one-day exhibition appearance and a minimum \$15,000 for a four-day tournament overseas. In that time he has been to Japan four times, to Hong Kong, Brazil, Morocco and numerous European countries. He gets checks as a "spokesman" for a chain of banks and a manufacturer of component parts, and for endorsing Niko whiskey and a line of clothing in Japan. He has a new instruction book coming out in December. Barner estimates his outside income is four times what he makes playing in tournaments.

"I played in 14 last year, which is a couple more than I'll average," Snead said, "and made more money [\$55,562] than I ever did. If we'd been playing in 1949 and '50 for what they're playing for now at the same tournaments I'da won \$400,000 both years. [Miller earned a record \$353,021 last year.] You can figure it up. Hell, a guy can be a millionaire in five years playing the tour today. Resent it? Why should I resent that? What other field can you do that in?"

At Route A1A, Ocean Boulevard, he turned the Cadillac north and, shortly after passing a sign marked Highland

rottebaund

Beach, turned toward the sea, up a private drive lined with lush tropical plants and trees and curving past a garage over which were guests' quarters, to the front of a two-story white-brick house. He said the house was now worth \$300,000, three times what he had paid for it in 1963.

"Just painted the doors on that garage," he said. "My hands were so stiff the next day I couldn't grip a club."

He took his companion around back to see the ocean. A stand of sea grape with leaves like giant olive-green pancakes bunched along the property down a slope to the beach. "I cut 'em back myself," he said, "but I see nobody else does, so the hell with it." He said the gardener had doubled his prices, so he was taking care of those things himself. He had been making repairs—painting, fixing sprinklers—anticipating the annual move north in the spring.

"The house next door burned down three or four years ago," he said, "and the rats were running around and the damn hippies were camping in the ruins. I finally had to go down to city hall to get 'em to clean it out." He said his house had been broken into four times in the 10 years since it was built, usually when he was away, but he now had a direct hookup with the police. He passed a rusting air conditioner. "Third one we've had," he said. "The salt air does it."

He said he had sold his boat, but from his bedroom window he could watch the fishermen hauling in kingfish and dolphin. In a huge recreation room downstairs he indicated the evidence of his prowess as an outdoorsman—a lifetime world record 15-pound bonefish, mounts of other game fish and heads of animals he had shot in Africa. The two elephant tusks, he said, "are too skinny to be worth much—only 40 or 50 pounds." In one corner of the room was a set of drums his son Jack used to play; across the way was a bar with eight stools covered in simulated leopard skin. He said he never saw a private bar as big as his own. Above the bar his wife Audrey had Scotch-taped a series of black-and-white pictures showing the definitive Sam Snead swing in a 40-sequence. "Audrey is a good housekeeper," he said.

"I made reservations at the Riverview for 7:30," said Audrey Snead, a blonde, buxom woman dressed smartly in a white pants suit. "Their seafood is delicious. But if we eat any later Sam's liable to go

to sleep. He never stops going all day, and then he goes to bed with the chickens, you know."

"Well, I'm 62, I need my rest," said Sam. "Audrey's two years older'n me."

"That's not true," said Audrey, taking the hook. "Sam was two years ahead of me in school, but he was so full of mischief, I mean just full of mischief, always running off chasing raccoons and things, that I wound up two years ahead of him. My daddy wouldn't let me date him. We were teen-agers, but he thought I was too young."

Did Sam's obsession for golf have anything to do with her father's reticence?

"Oh, no. Sam was a wonderful teacher, everybody knew that from the start. I mean, he could teach anybody. He can get me out there now and tell me one little thing, and it just straightens me right out."

"I wouldn't be a teaching pro," Sam said.

"Well, why not?" said Audrey. "Nothing wrong with it."

"Too much aggravation. Too many experts screwing people up. You listen to all that talk about this muscle over-powering that muscle and this pressure and that pressure, and a feller doesn't even know how to hold the damn club. He's liable to wrap it around his neck and kill himself before he learns anything."

"Everybody has to learn from somebody," said Audrey. "Who would you go to?"

"Nobody. Nobody knows more'n me about golf. I go to somebody about my insurance and about my teeth. But I don't go to anybody about golf."

They got ready to leave. Audrey said the big house had gotten a little lonely for her, but that their miniature pincusher Jo Jo was good company. "We got a Doberman at the farm," Sam said. "He wouldn't harm a fly."

"Yes he would," said Audrey. "He'd bite."

"No, he wouldn't, Audrey. He's a cream puff."

Their son Jack had lived there until he was married, commuting to Miami to finish college, Audrey said. She still kept his room the way it was, with his yearbooks and pictures. There was a photograph of Jack with Sam in Africa. The picture showed a handsome young man with slightly crossed eyes. Audrey Snead said both boys, Jack, now 30, and Terry, 22,

were born cross-eyed, and they couldn't understand it because neither she nor Sam had eye trouble or even wore glasses.

Jack was married and had two kids now, she said, and worked for his daddy in Hot Springs.

What about Terry?

"Terry's retarded," Snead said without hesitation. He said there had been a high fever at an early age. Terry had been in a home since he was five.

"He's a strong, fine-looking kid," said Snead. "You look at him, and you'd think he was perfectly normal. He recognizes me when he sees me, but that's about all."

"He loves his daddy," said Audrey.

"Yeah," said Snead. His eyes were red around the edges. "But I'll tell you, if they keep hiking those fees, I'm bringing him home. All they do is give him room and board, anyway. C'mon, let's go eat."

I've always said Sam Snead could balance the U.S. budget, as smart as he is about money. I always said, "He made a million and saved three." One year I hand-carried six dozen golf balls to Australia for the World Cup. A boy wanted Sam to autograph one, and I gave it to him, and when Sam got it he said, "Where'd you get this?" The boy said Corcoran gave it to him. Sam said, "I don't autograph new ones. Get an old one. It's the same autograph." But if you asked him for \$50,000 to make a business deal, and he wanted you, he'd sign right now. He did that with Ted Williams on that tackle business they had. Ted used to rib him all the time about baseball being the harder sport to play, having to hit a moving target and all. Sam said, "Yeah, but you don't have to play your golf balls."
FRED CORCORAN

"Trouble with living here," said Snead as he turned the Cadillac south on Ocean Boulevard, "is it's too far to the golf course. Twenty-five minutes to Pine Tree. And there're so many women there taking up times. What I'd like is a club where there's nothing but men."

"What about me?" said Audrey. "I play, too, you know."

"Well, you could join a club where there's nothing but women."

"There isn't any such thing, and you know it."

"Yeah, but it's a good idea," Sam said.

He turned the air conditioner on and pushed buttons to raise the windows. His dinner guest asked if he ever thought of quitting tournament golf.

"Never," said Audrey. "They'll have to carry him off. He plays too much now. He needs more rest. But he'll never quit."

"Not as long as I enjoy it," said Sam. "I'd like to win one more tune-ament [he has won 150, more than anyone]. You know, it's an amazing thing. I've won at least one every year since 1936."

"You didn't win one last year," said Audrey.

"Yeah, I did. I won that par 3 before the Masters. No big deal, but all the good players were in it."

"I don't remember that."

"Well, I won it, Audrey. Just let me tell it, please. If I'd averaged 30 putts a round, I'd win five tune-aments. Up to the Kemper I'd broken par in every one. I woulda won the Masters if I'd averaged 30 putts. Johnny Miller averaged maybe 25 or 27."

"Oh, I like Miller, he's a darling boy," said Audrey.

"Yeah, he's a good one," said Sam.

"What was it you said to him at the L.A. Open last year?"

"Nothing, really. He got upset because he was playing poorly, and he started backhanding his putts, flipping the ball around, and I got him aside and I said, 'Johnny, you're the U.S. Open champion. That's a great honor. It's one I never had. You should play as good as you can, whenever you play.' Later on he thanked me."

What about the Open, he was asked. Does it still bother him that he never won it?

"I coulda won it last year at Winged Foot. It was possible. I don't say it was probable, but it was possible. I had practice rounds of 70-71-70, and was even 36 after nine holes. Then I had to withdraw. I could hardly breathe. When they X-rayed, they found two broken ribs."

"Probably broke 'em when you had to jump off that tractor at the farm," Audrey said. "He'da killed himself if he hadn't jumped."

"Maybe. I heard something snap. But a 287 was the Open, and Winged Foot was my kind of course."

What about the other years? The other Opens?

Snead's eyes got round.

"I have to think there were people who didn't want me to win. One year they out-

lawed my caddie. Another time they paired me in the final threesome of the day, though I was still in contention. I can't blame anybody but me for blowing two or three, but I have to think there were some people who were just as glad to see it happen."

"The best golf I ever played, though, was right after the war when I came out of the service. I won five out of six tune-aments and lost the sixth in a double play-off with Mangrum. Nobody coulda beat me then. Hogan, Nicklaus, Palmer. Nobody. But '49 and '50 were the best years for winning. I retired after that."

"You never retired."

"Audrey, I retired. I'd won more money than anybody that year, I'd won the Vardon Trophy for best average. I'd won more tune-aments. But Hogan got Player of the Year because he won the Open. I said, 'Well, shoot, if I do all that and they make somebody else Player of the Year, what's the use?' So I quit."

"You didn't quit long."

"No."

The Riverview was crowded, but the waitress hauled them warmly and escorted the Sneads to a preferred table. Sam ordered the broiled snapper and Audrey the yellowtail. They were finished before nine. When the check came Sam grabbed it out of the hands of his guest.

I don't get excited about athletes. We manage Miller, Heard, Casper and Hall and Don Sutton of the Dodgers, and I have them in my house, but I don't get excited about it. But Sam, he's different. When I'm with that old man I feel like I'm with a piece of history.

ED BARNER

Sam Snead crushed the box of cornflakes in his hands, opened it and spilled the crumbled contents into the bowl, then layered the top with bananas.

"I don't eat much lunch," he said. "I like to keep my weight about 190. I'm about 195 now." His thick fingers worked the spoon into the cereal. He was in the dining room of the golf club at Disney World, an hour from tee off in the PGA Seniors tournament, which he had won six times. He complained that he had had to pay the greens fee for the practice rounds he had taken the two previous days.

Tommy Bolt, heavier and grayer than remembered, came by and the two men exchanged greetings.

continued

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"I talked him out of this thing one year," Snead said, grinning. "He stuck his head over my locker and said, 'Hey, Nudie, what the hell you doing?' I said, 'Hey, what's the matter with you, Thunder?' He said, 'Whaddaya mean?' I said, 'You look awful. You look green around the gills. I never saw you look so bad.' 'Well, hell, I don't feel good, Sam.' 'Gee whiz, Thunder, you don't look good.' He went right out and withdrew, and he was the only guy in the tournament who could beat me."

The tour, he said, had changed a lot since the days he and Bolt were big numbers. "Motels made a difference," Snead said. "Everybody used to stay in the same place, sat around, got to know one another. I traveled with Johnny Bulla for about 4 years, splitting expenses. Now you never see the same guy twice in one year unless you play with him. And the young guys are more conscientious. Used to be they'd shoot a 65 and blow up. Now they do it four days in a row. They're more fit. They're in their rooms doing push-ups and eating Wheaties. Trouble is, you get so that's all you think about, and somebody asks you your name, and you can't tell 'em."

"I was always a loner. I liked to get away from it, to fish or hunt or watch a shoot-'em-up. I didn't hang around with anybody much, except Bulla. Hogan? You'd play a round with Hogan, and the only thing he'd say was, 'You're away.' But if you'd walk alongside him, you would hear him grunt, 'Unh, unh,' like he was talking to himself. I offered him a drink of water once at the Masters and he looked at me like I was crazy."

His companion noted that Snead had always seemed able to reduce golf to the most elemental level, to turn what was essentially a game of detachment (man against the beguiling irregularities of nature as produced by golf-course architects) into an emotional contest of individuals. At one time Snead won 13 consecutive man-to-man match-play events on television and, with one exception, had always beaten Hogan in match-play events and playoffs.

"There are some guys, you know, you just figure if you go out there and look 'em in the eye, you're gonna beat 'em," said Snead. "Valerie [Hogan] told me one time, 'We never relax until you're in the clubhouse.' Hogan never said anything like that, of course. But that's why I like to play with the guy I have to beat."

Then I can watch him. See what he's doing. You watch a guy long enough, you pick up a pattern. Does he play fast? Does he talk a lot? Does he waggle his club before he hits? Then if he changes—a little hesitation, a little extra waggle—you know you got him. Hogan did that over a putt when we were in a playoff at the Masters one year. Hesitated over a putt on the 16th. I knew I had him then."

"C'mon," Snead said, "let's go see if I can put something together."

He went out into the Florida sun. He was wearing red-check pants, yellow shirt, blue sweater and black shoes. From the back he looked remarkably trim—his hips still slim, his torso broad and tapering with the familiar sloping shoulders and Alley Oop forearms. Only the punch up front would give him away, and it was only a minor revelation. There are younger, rounder stomachs on the tour.

Another one of the seniors hawked him. Sam said he was in his late 50s. "That old so-and-so. He hasn't changed in 20 years. The feller says, 'He uses well.' The man looked 10 years Snead's senior."

Hell, yes, he could still win one. If he's on he still plays as good as 99% of them on the tour. The thing is, he's always stayed with it. And he has the drive. At our age there's also the matter of confidence. It's a little like sex, one bad performance and you begin to wonder. The thing about Sam is he's always correcting and experimenting, and he thinks he can do it. In the 50s a couple of years ago he had a 268, and after every round he'd complain, 'If I couldn't patted, I'd do a 59.' Hell, so could I.

JULIUS BOROS, AGE 55, GOLF PRO

In the first round at Disney World, playing in a foursome with Ted Kroll, Chandler Harper and Doug Ford, Snead shot a 74. He would finish sixth. It was, he said, the first time in three weeks he was over par. He took nine putts on the first four holes and had two three-putt greens. He complained that the greens were rough. After the 6th hole, where he rolled in a 20-footer for a birdie, he said, "I'm hitting 'em dead center, but they're rolling up and bouncing away."

He strode down the fairway as fast as some people trot, pacing off his shots, checking distances. When others putted he stood off to the side, his legs crossed,

his ball in his hand, examining it as if he had never seen one. It was, of course, vintage Snead.

As the round became irretrievable, he began talking to his shots. "That's enough, that's enough," he said as his drive faded on the 11th. The ball hit on the fairway and bounded into the rough. "Thank you, Lord," he said. On one hole he flipped a club; on another he kicked one into the air. In his book, Snead said, "Show me the feller who walks along calmly after missing a kick-in putt, showing the world he's under perfect control, yet burning inside, and I'll show you a feller who's going to lose."

Late in the day Snead and a friend went upstairs into the clubhouse lounge to have a beer. The lounge was packed, but Snead was recognized and quickly surrounded. Two beers were delivered to him simultaneously. He told a story about a mounted policeman and a parking ticket, and then one of his friends, an Italian with a blonde girl friend in short shorts, joined the group and bought him another beer.

Snead asked the Italian if he'd heard the story about the guy "who wanted to be a Polack."

The Italian grinned, and Snead continued.

"This old boy tells his doctor he's tired of all the Polack jokes, that he has sympathy for 'em, and he wants to be one. The doc says, 'It's all right, but we'll have to cut out half your brain to do it.' The feller says, 'O.K., go ahead.' But when he comes out of the anesthetic, the doctor is standing over him looking real worried. The doc says, 'I got something awful to tell you. Instead of half your brain, we took out three-fourths.' And the feller slaps himself on the forehead and says, 'Mama, mia!'"

The Italian's laughter mixed with the others, and Snead raised the side of his mouth with a grin and made his exit, depositing an empty beer glass on a table near the door.

"A damn 74," he said as he walked through the restaurant side of the lounge. "Well, tomorrow I'll just have to shoot a 66."

With that he swung his leg into the air in a perfect *batement* and kicked a metal sign that was hanging by chains from the ceiling at the entrance to the restaurant. The sign said TROPHY ROOM, PLAYER'S GALLERY. It was seven feet off the floor.

END

Carbon black is a fine, black powder that is produced from oil. It is used in many products, including tires, ink, and paint.

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TIRES THAT WEAR OUT AND TIRES THAT WEAR ON?

If this speck of carbon black* were in your eye, you wouldn't know it. But you can see its importance everywhere. Because carbon black's unique properties strengthen rubber.

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There are many ways to make carbon black. Some costly. Some wasteful. Some environmentally unacceptable.



*An equivalent to a speck of carbon black is about the size of a grain of sand. Many of today's tires can run 40,000 miles and more.

But one company discovered a means of producing it from oil — which minimizes these problems.

Who discovered this forerunner of the many processes now used to supply the world's carbon black?

The same company that makes fine products for your car.

The Phillips Petroleum Company.
Surprised?

The Performance Company



Most 1975 GM, Ford, Chrysler and AMC cars must use lead-free gasoline.

After years of talk, the lead-free age is finally here. The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has ruled that car makers must reduce carbon monoxide emissions by 83%, and hydrocarbon emissions by 90% in their 1975 models from the uncontrolled levels of 1960.

To meet these requirements, most '75 model cars (including many foreign cars) are equipped with a catalytic converter that changes harmful exhaust gases into harmless carbon dioxide and water vapor. But since lead particles will "poison" the converter, every '75 car that has one must use lead-free gasoline exclusively.

In terms of mileage car makers claim you'll get better mileage with the '75 cars compared to the '73 and '74 models. GM says as much as 13% better, by shifting some of the "cleaning chores" to the catalytic converter. Engines have been recalibrated for lower idling speeds, quicker warm-ups, and smoother overall performance.

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Hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide gases pass from the engine through the exhaust pipes.

The catalyst converts them to harmless water vapor and carbon dioxide.

The harmless water vapor and carbon dioxide are then discharged through the muffler and out of the tailpipe.



AMOCO: The Lead-Free Leader

Yesterday

by GEORGE GIFE

NAIAD AGNES PLUNGED WOMEN INTO SPECTATOR SPORTS 100 YEARS AGO

Since this year marks the centennial of women's participation in modern spectator sports, it would be unfair to deny a word of recognition to the young lady who started it all.

Before 1875, women took part in sports, but usually in comparative privacy. As early as the 16th century, Mary Queen of Scots lost her head over golf as well as politics, while in the 18th century England's Queen Anne had a passion for horse racing. But it was not until 14-year-old Alice Agnes Beckwith jumped into the Thames 100 years ago that a woman raised—or lowered—herself to the level of public jock.

The idea that she was an innovator probably never occurred to Agnes, who had been swimming under the tutelage of her older brother William. He challenged and often defeated champion swimmers of England, and Agnes saw no reason to deny herself similar glory just because she was a woman.

Since there was a lack of feminine competition, Agnes began by testing her skill and endurance against the Thames. "Miss Beckwith left London Bridge yesterday afternoon to swim to Greenwich, a distance by water of about six miles," a London paper of Sept. 1, 1875 reported. "For a powerful man the feat may not be an over-difficult one, but it is a test of some endurance for a slight young girl like the performer of yesterday." After slightly more than an hour in the water, she arrived at Greenwich where "she was greatly cheered."

Agnes' glory was short-lived. Less than a week later another young woman, Emily Parker, swam from London Bridge to Blackwall, nearly two miles farther than Agnes had gone. "During the progress down the river, pistols and small cannon were fired from various points, and the sailors in the ships cheered as the swimmer and the river mob which followed went past," reported the London *Standard*.

News of Agnes, Emily and subsequent "natatory events" soon reached America where it was brushed aside as a temporary form of mass insanity. "We hear of one young lady 14 years of age swimming five miles down the Thames," remarked *The New York Times* on Sept. 27, 1875. "Within a week another equally young lady outbids her for popular favor by swimming seven miles in the same river, and immediately a subscription is raised to present her with a gold medal. Then two ladies swim from Shoreham to Brighton, a distance of six miles; then a barman and a barber join hands on one Sunday after church, and, jumping off London Bridge, swim to Greenwich; then a man jumps off Westminster Bridge; and another off Cannon Street Bridge. . . . It would almost seem that a large number of the people in that country just now are engaged either in jumping off bridges and performing swimming feats, or in contemplating them."

The barbers and barmen soon faded from view, but for Agnes public swimming had become a way of life. Less than a year later she covered the 10 miles from Chelsea to Greenwich Pier while adding a touch of show biz to her act. As she passed beneath the Vauxhall Bridge "she several times passed her body through a hoop—a feat which elicited a special cheer," reported the London *Echo*.

Four years later Agnes turned up in the whale tank of the Royal Aquarium at Westminster to prove that she could stay afloat for 30 hours. Said the *Standard*, "It was as refreshing as it was interesting to witness this graceful young 'Naiad,' clad in her *costume du bain* of black silk trimmed with crimson, disporting herself in her aqueous abode."

England's interest in Agnes' act soon palled, but the ever-resourceful Beckwith siblings hired an overseas manager and sailed for America. The *City of Berlin* deposited them in New York in early June 1883, where they were lionized.

Their act was a more elaborate version of the Westminster stay-afloat marathon. First William dived underwater and devoured two sponge cakes without coming up for air. Then he drank a bottle of milk and smoked a pipe beneath the surface. Spectators at the Natatorium on 45th Street were impressed. "In fact, it would seem that he might as well stay under altogether, for if a man can eat, drink, and smoke underwater during the

hot weather New York is at present experiencing, it is folly to come above the surface to be roasted," reported *The New York Times*.

Agnes' role was much more artistic. Clad in flesh-colored tights and a very décolleté bodice, she walked in the water with her hands above her head and performed a routine known as "the prayer": by swimming with her feet while holding her hands clasped above her head. "This style of swimming," remarked the *Times*, "is recommended for steamboat collisions and ocean wrecks, as it gives one an opportunity to pray for help while he or she paddles shoreward."

Later that month Agnes decided to crown her American visit with an exhibition of endurance swimming from Sandy Hook, N.J. to Rockaway Beach, N.Y., a distance of about 20 miles. The swim began shortly before 9 a.m. on June 30, 1883, Agnes emerging from the cabin of the steam launch *Boonie Down* and diving overboard. The steamer *Sylvester* soon appeared on the scene loaded with 300 excursionists as well as a life and drum corps.

For a while all went well. Swimming at 24 strokes per minute, Agnes made steady progress until 11:30, when she paused to drink a cup of beef tea. About noon, the wind picked up and dark clouds ominously appeared. "Half an hour later, they burst, amid thunder and lightning, and poured torrents of rain upon her, as well as upon a dozen of seasick men who were distributed in attitudes of distress about the deck of the launch," reported *The New York Sun*.

After struggling for an hour without making noticeable headway, Agnes relaxed to await a change in the conditions. But the storm continued. Much against her will, she was taken from the water shortly before two o'clock.

"This is a swindle," she said angrily, accusing the pilot of the launch of not knowing the tides. Swimming with the sea instead of against it would have been a simple task even in the stormy weather, she maintained. As it was, she had made three-quarters of the distance before having to board the boat, a feat that New Yorkers accepted with appreciation and generosity.

Agnes Beckwith slipped into obscurity soon afterward, but she had demonstrated that participation in spectator sports need not be the monopoly of men. **END**

Life insurance as a career?

Certainly!

Paul Willmann is a Great Southern General Agent in Seguin, Texas. He's taken an active part in just about every civic activity you can name. His career offers him an exciting challenge, the opportunity to help others and all the financial rewards he's willing to work for, and time for his hobbies. He leads a full life.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 17-23

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—WINSTON became the first Ivy League team to win the National Invitation Tournament, defeating Providence 80-69 in Madison Square Garden.

DELTA STATE ended immediate's three-year reign as AAUW champion by defeating the Mighty Macs 90-81 at Harnsberg, Va. (page 67).

WESTERN TEXAS won the National Junior College championship by defeating Southern California 65-57, at Hutchinson, Kans.

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: In a season that has been playing for five straight years, the Boston Celtics again took the Atlantic Division championship. The Celtics won a 90-81 defeat of the New York Knicks before a sellout crowd at Madison Square Garden. The Celtics also won their earlier games against Houston, Detroit and Buffalo. The team had also come up with during the week was a 117-112 victory over Houston, which had beaten them four nights earlier. The Knicks defeated Los Angeles and Phoenix back to back before returning to Boston Cleveland, as a race with New York for a playoff spot, won them (New Orleans, Washington, Chicago), then lost to the Celtics 100-97. Washington, which had already looked up the Atlanta Braves, took two other games as well. Chicago continued to lead the Midwest with two wins and two losses. Golden State, Longhorn leader in the Pacific, was 3-1, Seattle 2-1 and Portland 4-1.

ABA: The Denver Nuggets, who clinched the Western Division last week, continued impressively with victories over Kentucky, Virginia and Indiana. Denver had won 10 of its last 11 games, upping its home record to 16-2. In the East, the New York Nets put things together. Five games. Between wins and second-place Kentucky by winning four games, against Utah, Indiana (twice) and the Celtics. With that turn the Nets just about looked up the first place. The Celtics did not help their cause any by dropping all three of their games. The highlight of St. Louis' sole win was rookie Marvin Barnes hitting a career-high 34 points in an overtime defeat of Memphis. The Hawks won their other two games, while Virginia dropped three and won one. San Antonio came out on top in both its contests, as Utah dropped two and defeated Kentucky 101-90. And the Celtics, San Diego were winners. Indiana lost a 2-3 record.

BOWLING—DON HELLING of St. Louis defeated Jay Robinson 227-211 to win the PBA's Monroe Max-Air Open and \$100,000 in New Orleans.

BOSS-CRUSTON—At the international championships in Rabat, Morocco, the UNITED STATES won both sides in the junior and women's divisions, while NEW ZEALAND took the men's title.

FACES IN THE CROWD

PETER MUMFORD, a freshman at Chapman College in Beaufort, Va., led his school to the national junior-college invitational skiing championship at Great Gorge, N.J. Mumford won the giant slalom and downhill and was third in the slalom in the three-day event.

DAN DOELLMAN, a 6'7" senior forward at Rager Bacon High in Cincinnati, scored 47 points in his final regular-season game. Doellman averaged 27.3 points a game and was named the city scoring king with 483 points, a 26.7 average and the school's career scoring record. His postseason average was 23 points.

Photo by [unclear]

in the senior division. IAN STEWART of Scotland captured the 12-km. senior race in 35:28. BERRY THOMAS of Glendale (Calif.) Community College took the 7-km. senior race in 21:50. JILL L. BROWN of UCLA won the 5-km. women's race in 15:42.

GOULF—LARRY ZIEGLER, a senior under-par 85 for a 12-under-par 276 total, winning the Corral de Juncos Golf Open by two strokes over Mike Adams and Mac McLendon. Ziegler took home \$100,000.

HOCKEY—NHL: The Philadelphia Flyers, defending Stanley Cup champions and unanimously the leader at the Parick, became the first team to clinch a division title with a 4-0 thrashing of Minnesota after earlier wins over Los Angeles and Washington. The New York Islanders, fighting to lock in behind Philadelphia, tied Vancouver and defeated James City and Chicago (page 70). In the light seen the race, Vancouver held first by a point with a 1-0 win at second-place Chicago over 3-2. Seattle Sounders Montreal defeated Atlanta 3-1 and Boston 2-1, but lost to Toronto 6-4. Los Angeles had a 1-0 record, including a 4-0 defeat of Pittsburgh to which Colorado Rapids proved his wish of the season. Buffalo strengthened its lead on first place in the Adams with triumph over Toronto, the New York Rangers and Kansas City. Boston was on record with a 2-1 streak. An interesting footnote to the week was the announcement that the Soviet Washington Capitals, with the worst season record in the league (4-52-51), were withdrawing the NBA. But, who had the best record in their league (52-20).

WHA: The Winnipeg Jets stayed in wild-card contention with victory over Edmonton, Vancouver, New England and Chicago. In the Western game, Golden Joe Betteballe came up with a goal and two assists to bring his team to 1-1. The Jets' record for the (television) league Quebec, first in the Canadian, dropped three games, while second-place Toronto posted a 1-1 mark. San Diego, a point of the Nordiques. The Houston Aeros were 4-1, while New England was 1-1. Both teams have looked to their division. San Diego, who had a playoff berth as aided by victories over New England and Indianapolis, but the Mariners lost twice to Chicago, Vancouver, Edmonton and Minnesota each had one win.

HORSE RACING—GOLD AND MYRRH (51), 20, a 14-0-1 long shot, ridden by Walter Kent, captured the \$124,000 Gulfstream Park Harnsey by a neck over favorite Proud and Bold, covering the 1 1/4 miles in 1:01 1/4 at Hialeah, Fla.

MASTER DUBBY (\$10,500), Darrell McHargue up, won the 1 1/4-mile \$100,000 Louisiana Derby in 49 1/2.

by a length over Colonel Power, at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans.

MOYON SPORTS—RICHARD PETTY, driving a Dodge, claimed his first Atlanta 500 victory, adding Buddy Baker by a second in the 1-3-mile Atlanta in International Raceway. Petty averaged 137.458 mph and earned \$16,500.

SKIN—GUSTAVO THOMINI of Italy won his fourth World Cup by defeating Imperial Starhawk of Sweden, at Val Gardena, Italy (page 42).

TENNIS—VIRGINIA WADE capped \$15,000, defeating Martina Navratilova, the Czech star who was forced to retire with an ankle injury, in the final of the Virginia Slides of Dallas tournament, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3 (page 43).

TRACK & FIELD—In an extraordinary double, BEN ZIPPRO of Kenya set professional indoor records in both the two mile (16:27) and the mile (3:26.2), who also won the third-fastest indoor mile event, in the IFA meet in Los Angeles (page 28).

MILEPOSTS—RESIGNED: EDDIE DONOVAN, as general manager of the NBA Buffalo Braves, after reportedly agreeing to become permanent manager of the New York Knicks. Donovan was formerly coach (1961-64) and general manager (1964-70) of the Knicks.

RESIGNED TATES LOCKE, Jr., as head basketball coach at Clemson, which is under investigation by the NCAA for possible recruiting violations.

DEED JAMES (Babe) MCCARTHY, 51, head basketball coach at Mississippi State (1955-65), of the ABA Kentucky Colonels (1971-73) and of three other ABA teams, of cancer, in Redlands, Mass.

DEED JOE (Ducky) MEDWICK, 63, the last National League to win batting's triple crown (1937), of a heart attack, in St. Petersburg, Fla. A Hall of Famer, he played 17 seasons with four teams—the St. Louis Cardinals (1932-40, 1942-46), Brooklyn Dodgers (1940-41, 1946), New York Giants (1947-45) and Boston Braves (1945)—compiling a lifetime batting average of .324.

DEED CLARENCE (Reggie) MUNN, 66, athletic director (1954-71) and head football coach (1947-53) at Michigan State and at All-American guard at Minnesota (1931), after suffering a stroke, in East Lansing, Mich.

DEED ASA BUSHNELL, 75, commissioner of the Eastern College Athletic Conference (1938-70), secretary of the U.S. Olympic Committee (1943-53), of a heart attack, in Princeton, N.J.

CREDITS

22, 23—Shirley A. Long, Henry Kleinman, 25—John Doria, 26—Walter Isaac, 27—G. Fred Galt, Jack Stier, 28, Herb Schuster, 28-29—John G. Zimmerman, 30—John Deacon, 37—Roy DeCovino, 43—E. Kellner—Glad Anglin, Tom Hubbard—Circus Circus.



Edited by GAY FLOOD

ONLY IN THE ACC

Sir:

Congratulations on a fabulous article on the ACC tournament (*Run Down by a Ford*, March 17). Those of us who are Carolina fans have been waiting for three years for a story like this. Barry McDermott should be given a life membership in the ACC Tournament Cardiac Arrest Ward.

After reading wire-service accounts of the final game I was glad to find the whole story in your magazine. The papers told about the inability of Superman (alias David Thompson of North Carolina State) to play 100% in the final. While it is true that he played below par, we Carolina fans would like to think it was Walter Davis' defense that did the job.

And speaking of injuries, let it be known that Mitch Kupchak played the entire tournament and most of the last half of the regular season with a sore back. Ed Stahl, the sixth man, had a foot so sore that he was not even expected to play in the last two games of the tournament. And when you hear that Thompson was exhausted, you tend to wonder what Phil Ford was. After all, Ford handled the ball for almost all of the last halves of the final two games, and time after time went to the free-throw line and hit pressure foul shot after pressure foul shot. I think it can be said that, for a freshman, Phil Ford did a pretty good job.

DAVID POOLE

Gastonia, N.C.

Sir:

Some of college basketball's finest players have binned heads in the ACC tournament—Charlie Scott, John Roche, Bob McAdoo, Tom McMillen—but the greatest of all is the man out of the football of Shelby, N.C., David Thompson. He is the kind of player who generates excitement even in warmup drills. No one could forget his seemingly effortless style—soaring above the basket, cradling a pass from one of his teammates and dropping the ball gently through the hoop. Your article quoted David as saying, "It's an empty feeling to go out a loser." He should be reassured that no one considers him to be anything but a winner.

WARREN K. ANDERSON JR.
Gainesville, Fla.

Sir:

Mo Riven's comment about how fired up other teams have been against the Wolfpack this year and the fact that N.C. State did not make the NCAA tournament point up

one thing: UCLA's accomplishment of the last decade is one of those rare sporting feats that become more incredible with the passage of time.

LEO JOHNSON

Garden Grove, Calif.

MID-AMERICANS

Sir:

In regard to the article *Any the Park in the MAC* (March 17), we feel that Dan Levin has a lot of gall to suggest that Central Michigan University should dedicate its Mid-American Conference title to Bowling Green's Jeff Montgomery.

Do you realize that you mentioned Montgomery more than 20 times in an article about Central Michigan without giving fair recognition to Central's Dan Roundfield? Roundfield happens to be in the company of Wayne Embry and Nate Thurmond in that he has 1,000 rebounds and 1,000 points and is only the fourth person in the MAC to have done so.

You also barely mentioned other outstanding CMU cagers such as James McElroy, twice MAC Player of the Week, who is at least as talented as Montgomery, and Russ Davis, who missed practice the week before the game as a result of the flu, yet still managed some exceptional play.

JOE ERICKSON

STEVE HOWARD

BOB HODGSON

ALLAN M. SCHULTZ

Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Sir:

What about the fact that three of the top eight scorers in the MAC (Jim Helmick, Jim McElroy and Danny Roundfield) play for Central Michigan? What about the 140-odd assists this season for Jim McElroy? What about the countless blocked shots by Danny Roundfield?

Dedicate the MAC crown to Jeff Montgomery? I'd like to dedicate it to hard work, good basketball and the Central Michigan University basketball team. Congratulations, CMU.

KEITH PETERSON

Kalkaska, Mich.

Sir:

Thanks for the recognition of MAC basketball and especially Bowling Green. Your description of Montgomery was especially amusing and long-awaited.

WARD COFFMAN

Bowling Green, Ohio

SEA POWER

Sir:

As a regular reader of your magazine, I was very much impressed with Carleton Mitchell's article *Flow Like a Butterfly* (March 10). It presents an exciting picture of ocean racing, which too few of us are able to experience.

ROBERT D. WHITFORD

Ada, Ohio

Sir:

Regarding Carleton Mitchell's article on the Southern Ocean Racing Conference, both *Stinger* and *Infante* were built in the last six months by our company. Both boats were designed by Doug Peterson. It has been a while since the same yard and the same designer have designed and built the first and second-place finishers. This is quite an accomplishment.

WILLIAM R. MUNSTER

Representative

Eichenlaub Yachts, Inc.

San Diego

AWESOME AUSSIES

Sir:

Thank you for two good articles on the Australians and World Cup tennis. Arthur Ashe (*A Shot for Those Aussie*, March 10) showed that he is a gentleman and that he has a great affection for the Aussies. He returned the favor in Hartford by beating Arthur twice in cup play (*Another Aussie Blow-out*, March 17).

Having run in Trinity College-Amherst cross-country meets many years ago, I think Hartford must have been bliss. I don't recall the fans trembling with excitement as Joe Jones suggests. After all these years it is nice to know that we were appreciated.

BOB EHRICK

Trinity '42

Wethersfield, Conn.

Sir:

The Arthur Ashe article gave us an insight into the beautiful Aussie tennis fanaticism that has raised the level of world tennis for so many years.

GENE A. GERBER, D.D.S.

Annapolis, Md.

PRODUCTS OF MOUNT VERNON

Sir:

Some weeks ago you had a SCORECARD item ("Their Town," Jan. 20) about three college basketball players who played on the same 1971 East Chicago, Ind. high school team.

continued

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FLORIDA
WORLD RENOWNED FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL SCENERY

15TH HOLE *(continued)*

Four players on the 1971 Mount Vernon (N.Y.) High School team started for major college teams that all went to postseason tournaments in 1974. One of them, Gus Williams of USC, has been named one of the 10 best U.S. players. Rudy Hackert of Syracuse will certainly be a high draft choice and Earl Tatum, a junior at Marquette, has played a major role in the Warriors' success. The fourth Mount Vernon starter, Mike Young, has been a steady performer for Manhattan College.

In the annals of high school basketball there have been several exceptional teams that have had two players who went on to highly acclaimed college careers. But rarely have four players from the same high school team ever started as collegians.

Mal Gessen

Richland Center, Wis.

BEWARE THE COLD (CONT.)

Sir:

I hope that the pertinent article on hypothermia (*Goodbye Heat, by Degrees*, March 10) drew the attention of many outdoor life devotees. A word of caution, however, regarding the suggested treatment of external rewarming in hot water. In the physiological adjustment to a cold environment the circulatory changes include constriction of blood vessels near the body surface to preserve core body heat vital to heart function at the progressive expense of the skin and the extremities. If the victim of hypothermia is submerged in hot water, the skin capillaries quickly reopen, allowing blood to flow back to the cooled outer parts of the body. The immediate result is a substantial loss of heat from the blood pool to the tissues. Upon return to the heart the blood, if cooled to a critical point, may trigger fibrillation and sudden death. This potential danger can be averted by a very gradual external warmup starting with water of below-normal body temperature, preferably under competent medical supervision.

JAN DAHLIN, M.D.

Stockholm

Sir:

I was fascinated by the article as I was in a disaster where the water temperature was the same as it was at the sinking of the Greek liner *Lakonia*, 65°. The article gave very good advice if you have to go into the water, keep your clothes on.

I was aboard the escort carrier U.S.S. *Bramwell*, Sea, CVE 95, when we took two *Amazons* hits at Iwo Jima. The ship blew away aft of the forward elevator, taking most of our life rafts, so we found ourselves in the water, at night, with nothing but life belts and a handful of small rafts from the airplanes. I had been a runner and was in good shape, but in spite of the fact that I was wearing a T shirt, a khaki shirt, a sweat shirt and

a fur-lined jacket, after three hours I had about had it. Sixty-five degrees doesn't sound very cold, but after that amount of time we were nearly frozen. Anybody who had taken off his clothes was long gone.

Hypothermia explains why we lost so many good athletes, such as my boss, Lieut. Commander Mack Tharpe, the assistant air officer who had been line coach at Georgia Tech.

I still have my jacket, flight-deck shoes and life belt in my closet and am thankful I had been to a good Navy survival course. For those of us who got through that mess, the rest of life has been a lovely bonus.

WARD H. PAVLEN JR.

Publisher

Mobile Life

Sarasota, Fla.

Sir:

Your article left out the most important caveat: If stranded in freezing weather, never drink cold water or melt snow in your mouth to obtain water.

I forgot the exact formula, but the energy used to melt the snow rapidly contributes to the lowering of the body temperature. A short time ago in Oregon a couple and their young baby were stranded in the snow in the forest service region a short distance from Portland. The mother melted snow in her mouth and drank the cold water so that she could continue to nurse the baby. As a result she was dead by the time rescuers arrived. The husband and the baby, however, had not melted snow in their mouths and survived.

THOMAS F. LEYER

Portland, Ore.

IN CHARLIE'S CORNER

Sir:

It is quite true that Charlie Goldman was very proud of Rocky Marciano, but that was not, as Mark Kram stated (*The One-Minute Angels*, Feb. 17), "all he had left" at the time of his death. There was a very marvelous part of Charlie Goldman that not everybody was cognizant of. Charlie was a family man. True, he never did marry, but he gave and received love from his sister and her spouse, his brother and his spouse, his nieces and nephews, and numerous grandnieces and grandnephews.

It can be said of Charlie Goldman, "Greater love hath no tramer." It can also be said, greater love hath no relative.

CYNTHIA GOLDMAN BACON

Clayton, Mo.

TOSS-UP

Sir:

Finally, Frisbie is getting long overdue recognition as a demanding sport ("They Are My Life and My Wife," Feb. 24). I have been a devotee since my mother found one

continued

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10TH HOLE *Continued*

of the disks on a clearance table at Woodworth's nearly 20 years ago.

Although I was fascinated by the entire article on John Kirkland and Victor Malafonzo, I must question your classifying them as the best professional players. In 1964 I demonstrated Frisbees 72 hours a week at the New York World's Fair with a family from California. We had tremendous audiences in The Better Living Center and one day sold more than 1,200 Frisbees. In 1965 I managed a group of college students doing the same thing. Many people called our act the best at the fair. I also believe that Pease of Rutgers Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus should be considered a professional player. I have never seen anyone better.

Speaking of records, I wonder if anyone has surpassed my 105 consecutive finger catches?

DAVID J. CORAN
Associate Professor of Geography
University of South Carolina
Columbia, S.C.

Sir:

I feel obligated to point out that you failed to mention the most popular version of the game, Ultimate Frisbee, which is played at nearly 40 major colleges (mostly in the East) and is growing at an unbelievable rate. Ultimate Frisbee is a field sport played by two teams of seven men and/or women. It combines aspects of hockey, soccer and football. A goal is scored by completing a pass into the offensive end zone; a player cannot run with the Frisbee and turnovers occur whenever there is an incomplete pass.

IRIS KALB
Captain
Rutgers Frisbee Team

New Brunswick, N.J.

Sir:

I have never in my life been so insulted by one article. The word sport has been abused. I play football, baseball and basketball in high school. My buddies and I work hard from August till June playing real sports. We thought we were accomplishing something. But when we are put in the same category as Frisbee players, I get nauseated.

People who can't succeed in real sports have to resort to the lowest, least physically draining joke they can find and try to pass it off as a sport. If Frisbee throwing is going to be considered a sport, then why not include skimming stones across a lake? Or make banana peeling a sport? Thank you for insulting my intelligence.

PAT O'MALLEY

Pittsburgh

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